
E S S A Y S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

THOMAS MONRO,

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

—comitetur Penica librum
Spongia; muneribus convenit illa meis.

MARTIAL.

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REVISED

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

THOMAS MORRIS



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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are offered to the public with a view towards furnishing some little amusement to that class of readers who are neither very profound in their philosophical researches, nor very fastidious in their criticism. I trust there are many who will meet with good-humour the attempts of one who aims at their gratification, and will suffer what is offered to them to derive from the intentions of the

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donor a degree of imaginary value which could not be challenged by the intrinsic worth of the present. With no small portion of grave humour, and with some truth, Lord Bacon has observed in his *Essays*, that "reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead." Books, indeed, written professedly for the purpose of conveying instruction, will, unless the author fall very short of his aim, obtain many advocates though few readers: the reason of this is, that to be instructed is always good for our neighbours, though generally tedious to ourselves. While the page of instruction is thus carefully recommended to others, and that of amusement kept for our own reading, let not the courteous reader turn from me with disdain, when I acknowledge

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ledge that my ambition is to amuse and instruct him, to furnish a few pages which he may both read and recommend. Should he manifest any disposition to be satisfied with my endeavours, I may perhaps cultivate a farther acquaintance with him; if not, I promise to be troublesome to him no more. I shall only then desire, that, when he finds me adorning a thread-bare subject of morality with trite solemnity and dictatorial dulness, he will consider me at that moment as peculiarly devoted to his instruction; when he convicts me of flourishing upon less momentous topics with levities and absurdity, let him take it for granted, that I am then more particularly labouring for his amusement.

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In the 95th page of this work, the reader is presented with a letter, which he is desired to suppose might have been written by Prince Le Boo, just after his arrival in England, to his father in the Pelew islands. Since these sheets were in the press, and most of them printed off, I have been gratified with the perusal of a work, entitled "The Loiterer," published last year in Oxford. Had I been fortunate enough to have met with that work sooner, I would certainly have prevented a striking resemblance, which now appears, between the letter I allude to and one contained in "The Loiterer" from Omai to his friends at Otaheite. The reader will perhaps be kind enough, instead of accusing me of imitation, to consider this circumstance as illustrating an
important

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important maxim which I have somewhere delivered with *becoming solemnity*, viz. That two *great* writers of kindred genius, treating upon the same subject, will frequently be betrayed into similar ideas, and sometimes a similarity of expression.

INTRODUCTION

It is a common error to suppose that I have
intended to proceed with a series of
lectures on the two great
branches of modern science, treating
of the human mind, will frequently
be surprised to find that I have
chosen a subject of such a nature.

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E S S A Y S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

N U M B E R I.

—Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.—

HOR.

THERE is a decided rank, which every man must necessarily hold in his own opinion, before he can conduct himself with tolerable propriety in the common occurrences of life; which degree of self-estimation is alike distinct from the foolish conceit of the vain, or the overbearing self-sufficiency of the proud man. The observation of this rule would prevent that voluntary degradation by which many

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precipitate

precipitate themselves below their just station in society, and preserve even ornamental accomplishments from becoming, as they frequently do, the disgrace of their possessors. It is curious to consider what changes this regulation might produce in the different classes of men. Philocleus, who is now degraded to the lowest order of buffoons, might then rank at least with men of sense, perhaps of pleasantry, perhaps of elegance. He is possessed of talents which might establish his reputation with the public; and qualifications which might ensure him the attachment of his acquaintance. Yet reputation, friendship, every thing, is sacrificed to the paltry gratification of being esteemed a wit. The public, not being much disposed to entertain a veneration for abilities, which are ostentatiously displayed in effecting trifling purposes, withhold their applause; and, as the profession of a wit is professedly inimical to the interests of friendship, his acquaintance refuse their attachment. Thus Philocleus, who might justly urge his claim to every commendation that is praise-worthy, submits to the
voluntary

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voluntary degradation of being classed with jesters and buffoons, and to the society of his acquaintance is admitted by the lowest appellation, as "one that will make them laugh."

The cause of this frequent self-debasement, is not indeed that men are deficient in allowing themselves that degree of esteem to which they are entitled; but that they injudiciously reverence themselves for qualities which perhaps they do not possess, or for those which if possessed entitle them to no just commendation. One man exacts the homage of his neighbourhood because his horses are handsome, another because Providence has given him a good leg, and a third because his father has left him a large estate; and the measure of respect which each of these thinks due to him from others, may be pretty accurately estimated from that which he pays with punctuality to himself. Upon principles of such a nature is grounded that reverential awe with which vulgar minds usually admire their own endowments; to which the world, to its credit be it spoken, is inclined to give at least as much honour as is due, if

not as much as is expected. Men are not, therefore, to be generally censured for their want of sufficient, but their want of proper respect for themselves.

He who has judgement enough to preserve this proper respect for himself will generally meet with it from others. The mode of effecting it is indeed difficult, because few are able to accomplish it; yet not totally unattainable, because some do arrive at it. Aristides, by a rare knowledge in this science, contrives to be the life of every gay society, without descending to that levity of character which usually distinguishes the man of pleasure. While the superiority of his talents secures him the public admiration, by the genuine modesty with which he bears them, that rancorous jealousy is destroyed which so frequently takes root in the minds of unsuccessful competitors. The obliging behaviour of Aristides leads him into none of those base compliances with the prejudices or humours of those with whom he converses, by which the vulgar conciliate the good opinion of the vulgar, and purchase disgraceful favours at the

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the price of their integrity. His affability is without meanness, and the effect of benevolence, and not of interested views. In the conversation of Aristides, it is easily observed, that the vivacity of his imagination requires him rather to select objects than to search for them; and the stock of his wit is sufficient to enable him to pass by any injudicious occasion without exercising it. He is not obliged to fly to the resources of fiction and embellishment to give entertainment to the relation of a common occurrence. As every thing he does has its principle founded in justice, so every thing he says is relied on as the word of truth; while he is careful, by such conduct, to manifest the proper regard he has for himself, he at the same time, and by the same means, levies a like tribute upon others; no man will seek his acquiescence in a fraudulent or a vicious action, because he has not degraded himself by a prior defection from virtue. No man will cast a stain upon the reputation of Aristides, till he is careless about the fate of his own.

To a contemplative man there cannot be a more diverting subject of observation, than the various absurdities which people around him daily present, sufficiently expressive of their self-esteem, and the adoration they expect from the world.

Superbus, mistaking insolence for dignity, claims our respect, as the usual appendage to a good estate, in addition to which he produces the winning titles of an imperious demand and an illiberal spirit. Those who are so far cursed in their lot as to be dependant upon Superbus, answer his claims with concealed abhorrence; and those who are not so, with open derision. Lupercus sees the folly with which a claim so founded is urged, and pursues a different road to the same point. He has observed the error of those who attempt to force from us that which they can alone obtain by our voluntary offer. Lupercus, therefore, wisely expects to beguile from us our respect, by disclaiming all pretensions to it. converse with the humble-minded Lupercus, and he will demonstrate to you, beyond the power of logic

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logic to controvert him, that he is not possessed of one commendable talent; hint your suspicions that there is yet one favourite science in which he excels, he parries such an attack with the warmth of a man who is affronted, till politeness, prudence, and truth, forbid you any longer to contradict him.

Non es tanti ais et sapis!

Euryalus offers a higher price for our good opinion than any other man. He is a great horseman, and a skilful shot; and will readily, any day in the week, risque his neck to save his reputation. While Nisus, contemning the bodily exertions of the clown, admires with unceasing devotion his own mental acquisitions. Nisus is one of that class of people called by themselves the *Literati*; most of whom profess a contempt for every thing which is not connected with literature, and many of whom are grossly ignorant in their own favourite pursuit. He is what the world vulgarly calls a great genius, which title is intended to serve as an excuse for ignor-

ance upon common topics, and to protect its possessor in his deviations from common propriety. If you ask Nisus the day of the month, he answers you by asking what the month is; he comes into company without his waistcoat; and by every answer he gives, discovers that he is either not thinking at all, or thinking on something foreign to the present subject. Thus he prefers his claim to knowledge, by ostentatiously displaying his want of it, and courts the esteem of society by infringing all its rules, and trampling upon all its rights. Fools suspect that Nisus belongs to their order, and wise men know that he does not belong to theirs.

This rare acquisition, which all men are so eager in pursuit of, and so few arrive at, is given to the other sex with their nature. The very appearance of a woman must always create respect, till she discovers that Education has given her a system of manners which Nature disclaims, and changed the graceful garb and easy carriage of Nature, to meretricious finery and polished grimace. It is difficult to say which
is

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is the more lamentable object, a lady of what is called the best education, or one of none at all. In the former, the face of Nature is destroyed by the multiplicity of ornaments; in the latter, it is over-run with sloth and weeds. The vulgarity of Thalestris keeps her friends for ever in alarm, lest she should vociferate, in unseemly terms, the sentiments of a mind which has profited nothing by observation, and is unassisted by instruction. Doriinda does nearly the same thing from a different cause; she has been attended by every master that can be catalogued among the superintendants of female education; the result of which is, that she is qualified for every debate with masculine arguments, and masculine effrontery; she is not restrained in her habits of thinking by scrupulous prejudices, nor in her expressions by awkward bashfulness; she makes you blush in order to try your powers of rallying, and thus proves the strength of that education which can support itself without the assistance of modesty.

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The education of men is intended to answer I know not how many purposes, that of women only one; it is intended to improve the qualities with which they were born; it is calculated to prevent modesty from dwindling into an unbecoming awkwardness; simplicity from becoming a pray to the ensnarer, and a mind unemployed in business from being absorbed by ignorance. She who is adorned with an education that answers these purposes, may, without effort, secure to herself that respect in the eyes of all men, which refinement pursues, and affectation sighs for in vain. Nor will these ornaments be thought of little value, when it is remembered that in each of them Beauty finds an instrument of authority, nor can she part with them without proportionably diminishing her prerogative.

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NUMBER II.

Immodicè vibrabat in ore sonoro,

Lingua procax.——

SILIUS ITALICUS.

THERE are a thousand little embellishments which a story is capable of receiving, and which the narrator is frequently careful to bestow, without supposing that while he exceeds the boundaries of truth he is liable to the imputation of falsehood. He entertains an idle opinion, that nothing can justly be stigmatized as a lye, which is intended only for the diversion of his hearers, without being the offspring of malevolence, or the sneer of calumnious ill-nature. Thus, he does not consider, that though he may, without malice, exaggerate in his narrative the whims or the foibles of a friend, or indulge

dulge a fanciful imagination in describing scenes which never happened, yet he cannot ascertain the impression which may be made upon the minds of his audience. The exercise of his fancy may be received, by real or pretended ignorance, as the sober dictates of truth; and the reputation of a friend has received a wound from one, who only intended to treat his foibles with innocent raillery. The description of scenes, which were acted only in his relation of them, is heard by the credulous man, and repeated with scrupulous attention to its intricacies and its ornaments; and the tale, which was contrived for the amusement of the moment in which it was told, becomes the subject of critical investigation, while its author obtains credit for a lye, who was only guilty of a levity. From these considerations it appears, that, in the relation of apparently indifferent events, to trust rather to the activity of our invention, than the fidelity of our memory, is impolitic; but, if we carry our observation forward to the consequences of such conduct, it will, I think, be proved in no small degree

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degree immoral. In every deviation from truth, the intention of the speaker, and the tendency of what is spoken, are capable of being misunderstood by ignorant, or misinterpreted by malicious people. Some having no taste for a joke, and others no genius for moral rectitude, it happens that a jest is sometimes received literally, which required allowance to be made for the manner of the speaker; and sometimes it is treasured up for the accomplishment of mischievous purposes. An humorous remark is circulated till it has more meanings than the answers of the Oracle; with the man of wit it is a sly and cutting sarcasm; by the splenetic it is repeated with a rancorous and morose application; this man can't bear such jokes, while that mars the good story in telling it. It is scarcely possible to foresee the numberless consequences which may be produced from the momentary sallies of innocent gaiety; nor can he be called quite clear of immorality, who runs the hazard of giving rise to what may disturb the peace of society, or be perverted to the disquietude of individuals.

Let no man therefore transgress the limits of truth, even for the purpose of innocent relaxation, till he is quite sure there is neither an ignorant nor an ill-natured person within his hearing.

Mr. Paley, in one of his treatises upon moral philosophy, has enumerated those falsehoods, which (says he) are not lies; that is, which are not criminal, viz. where no one is deceived; which is the case in parables, fables, novels, jests, tales to create mirth, ludicrous embellishments of a story, where the declared design of the speaker is not to inform but divert, compliments of the subscription of a letter, a servant's denying his master, a prisoner pleading not guilty, an advocate asserting the justice, or his belief of the justice, of his client's cause. In such instances no confidence is destroyed, because none was reposed; no promise to speak the truth is violated, because none was given, or understood to be given.

From this catalogue two or three articles we might perhaps spare without regret, in which the author appears to depart from

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that strict line of moral reasoning which seems generally to have been the rule that conducted his researches in philosophy.

A servant denying his master, an advocate pleading his belief of the justice of his client's cause, are both capable of affording instances of infringed right. Confidence is reposed in the speaker, who by specious reasoning has taken possession of his audience. A judge or a jury may be biassed by the subtlety of a skilful advocate pleading in a bad cause. In which case, the consequence will most likely be injurious to equity. Added to this, it seems probable, that courts of law would abolish the pleadings of counsel, rather than openly avow, or have it generally understood, that no confidence was to be reposed in them. Should a jury be told that no confidence was to be placed in the pleaders, they would give equal credit to the falshood of a perjured witness, and the reports of him whose penetration enabled him to detect the perjury. The pleadings of the lawyer are intended to strike out truth from the collision of opposite opinions; and without supposing
some

some degree of confidence to be reposed in them, his thunders are an idle mockery, which might properly be confined to the storms of Coach-makers hall. The degree of confidence which is due to each speaker, who has declared different sentiments upon the same subject, must be measured by the sagacity of the hearers; but to declare that no confidence is to be reposed in either, is to avow that truth is equally a stranger to both. How far he is justifiable, who in a court of justice maintains a cause which he knows to be inequitable, is another question. There may be sophistries, though they are not within my reach, which will clearly prove, that a lawyer may pervert the course of equity, by a skilful declamation, without any violence to moral rectitude; that he may obtain a verdict for the oppression of innocence, while he does no more than his duty obliges him to. Till these sophistries make their appearance to my conviction, I shall be of a different opinion.

A servant denying his master becomes, in case of a visit from a creditor, injurious

to

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to the rights of an individual, and is balanced by no advantage to society. But a servant, it may be said, must obey the commands of his master. Where they are lawful, it is certainly his duty to obey them; but where he knows them to be otherwise, it is equally his duty to resist them. The servant, therefore, who dismisses the creditor, whom he knows to have a just demand upon his master, without giving him the information he required (the only satisfaction he could give), seems to me a partaker in the guilt of his master, instead of being merely the executor of his lawful commands.

Of tales to create mirth, and ludicrous embellishments of a story, where the declared design of the speaker is not to inform, but to divert, I have before given an opinion. In the propriety of their being habitually introduced, Mr. Paley does not seem entirely to acquiesce, though he has here classed them with lyes which are not criminal; for he tells us soon after, that “it is almost impossible to pronounce with certainty beforehand, concerning any lye,

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that it is offensive. "*Volat irrevocabile.*" It collects oft-times accretions in its flight, which entirely change its nature. It may owe possibly its mischief to the officiousness or misrepresentation of those who circulate it; but the mischief is, nevertheless, in some degree chargeable upon the original editor."

Few persons offend more frequently, or perhaps more unwillingly, against the laws of truth than the credulous man, who believes without examination whatever is told him, and reports it without suspecting that he is propagating a falshood. No man listens with credulity to the falshoods of another, without impairing his own veracity. He who gives an easy assent to the unqualified assertions of the traveller, or the miraculous narratives of the common story-teller, will in his turn expect those accounts to be admitted as true, whose falshood he does not discover. Thus credulity is the parent of deceit.

The follies of individuals do not in general operate much to the detriment
of

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of the publick; but those of the credulous man are by no means so harmless. Being deceived by the art of others, or rather duped by his own ignorance, he proceeds to propagate the deceit amongst all who, like credulous people in general, appear fond of being deceived, and countenance that invention which puts truth to the blush, or which so confounds it with falshood, as to render a dull story entertaining, or a common occurrence the subject of wonder. It may be said of the credulous man, that he goes through the world lying, without intention to deceive; and deceiving, without reaping the profits of his art.

Some whimsical grammarians among the Romans thought proper to make a distinction between *mentiri*, which signifies to lye, and *mendacium dicere*, to tell a lye. He who lies (say they) affirms that to be true, which he knows to be otherwise. He who only tells a lye, reports that to be true, which, though false, he does not know to be so. The

former shews an intention to deceive others; the latter that he is himself deceived. The credulous man, therefore, cannot, according to this distinction, be so properly called a liar, as a teller of lyes.

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NUMBER III.

Quid quisque sentiat perspicimus, ex vultu, oculis, nutu, manuum motu, murmure, silentio.—PLINY.

NOTHING shews a greater deficiency in good-manners, than that intercourse of nods and winks which frequently takes place between individuals in a mixed company, much perhaps to the edification of the parties engaged, but little to the satisfaction of those who have no concern in it. They are left to indulge their conjectures upon the subject, which sometimes incline them to imagine that an impropriety has escaped them which gave occasion to the expressive glance; or, if they are ready to acquit themselves, they conclude that some mischief is plotting against the company, or some assignation

intended between two parties of it. In the same class of impropriety may be ranked the whisper, the half sentence, the unintelligible hint, and the cant phrase, all of which are in their turns the instruments of vulgarity, affectation, rudeness, and absurdity. The properties of the whisper are many. It tends more effectually than any open discourse to propagate calumnious information, evil news, or false reports. Hence it arises, that any story, which contains a more than common share of falshood or slander, is generally introduced by "It is whispered." A practised whisperer, who is desirous to communicate to the company any information which concerns a party present, can effect the purpose without any suspicion arising in the minds of the party so concerned, who laughs at the joke because others laugh, and is highly delighted at the ridicule of which himself is the object. This science is, I believe, transferred from the exhibition of the ventriloquist, who brings a voice out of his pocket, or conveys his sounds into the

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the chimney; or it may be learnt at the theatre, where I have frequently admired the effect of it in the delivery of those speeches which, according to the directions of the poet, are to be spoken *aside*, all of which (so cleverly do they contrive!) are distinctly heard by every one of the audience, while not a syllable comes to the ears of the gentleman upon the stage. Often indeed have I trembled for the fate of some of these sarcasms, lest they should take the wrong person by the ear; but I cannot at present call to mind any instance wherein they have failed of their intended purpose. On the subject of whispering I shall only add, that it is seldom necessary, and only to be excused by the particular necessities of the occasion, and not defended upon general principles. They who indulge themselves in it as an habit, must be either ignorant of what is likely to promote and preserve the harmony of society, addicted to vulgar manners, or eat up with spleen and ill-nature. The half-sentence is a species of wit peculiarly practised by gentlemen of sublime conceptions,

and a sort of lively and vigorous stupidity ; who are unwilling to appear dull, and yet unable to be otherwise. The frolicksome conversation of these people reminds me of the ass, who took it into his head to practise upon his master the gambols of the lap-dog. Ned Cloudy is one of these gay dunces. Upon his entrance into a room, he fixes upon some kindred genius as his agent or associate in the witty trade ; they interchange obscure allusions to circumstances with which only themselves are acquainted, laugh without moderation at the suggestions of their own lively imaginations, and leave the company to detect the joke if they can. Ned passes for a prodigious humourist with those who measure the exuberance of a man's wit by the heartiness of his laugh, and the soundness of his lungs ; and is avoided only by those unreasonable mortals, who are not convulsed by laughter at the humour of an unintelligible joke, nor always ready in their approbation of vulgarity and ignorance. The liberty which this gentleman takes is such as no qualifications can
justly

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justly entitle a man to; he confines that conversation to particular persons, which ought to be generally communicated, and carries on an illicit, inexplicable, and underhand trade, where every thing ought to be fair, intelligible, and open. The hint partakes in a great measure of the properties of the half-sentence; it is principally in esteem and practice with those who excell in a significant shrug of the shoulders, or a judicious management of the features. A couple of skilful hinters can maintain a long conversation at a very small expence in words; by which they reap this certain advantage, the fewer sentences they speak, the less chance they have of exposing themselves. The sentiments of the hinter are always to be guessed at; if he wants the fire stirred, he complains of being cold; if he would have his great-coat, he tells his servant that it rains: great part of his business is, however, transacted without the trouble of opening his lips; he manifests his approbation, or acquiescence, by nodding his head, and his objections by shaking it. The inconveniences of hinting ge-

nerally fall upon the person who indulges himself in that propensity; where his hints are understood, he is frequently thought a fly or an impudent fellow; where they are not, a very silly one.

The bandying about of cant phrases, is an amusement in which young men frequently amuse themselves. The vulgarity of this game is sometimes compensated by its wit and humour; nor will any very serious objections be raised against it, while it is confined to that sphere. But it is surely the height of injudicious conduct, by introducing this jargon in a mixed company, to make the language of Billingsgate the standard of propriety for a drawing-room. Mr. Rattler belongs to a debating society, where the person who speaks is decorated with a wig, that his arguments may have more weight, and his appearance more solemnity. The wig, being regularly shifted from the head of the gentleman who spoke last, is wiped out, and put on the head of him whose turn it is to deliver his sentiments next; and thus, by a very easy metaphorical process, when the orator re-
fers

fers to the sentiments of his predecessor, he describes him not as in other assemblies, "The honourable gentleman who was last upon his legs," but "the honourable gentleman who last bore the bob," or "wore the wig last." Rattler transfers this metaphor from the debating-room to his common conversation. He compliments a lady, at the conclusion of her harangue, by telling her "she bears a good bob;" and not long ago he gave offence to a woman of good understanding, by saying to her, after she had dealt out some observations upon one or two of our poets, "Madam, you wear the wig with great success."

When I hear a beau describing to his mistress the danger he had escaped last night of being *pigeoned* at a gaming-house, or the skill with which he had *hedged* at the last meeting; instead of gaping at him as a miracle of science and politeness, I rank him in my imagination with the lowest of the vulgar, and consider him as worthy of that real character which he metaphorically claims, the hedger; *Cappimulgus aut fossor*.

It is not unamusing to consider how these cant phrases, which are so plentifully strewn through our conversations, and which sometimes creep into our books, will be interpreted by our posterity. Three or four hundred years hence, some grave antiquary, who happens, in pulling down the side of an old house, to discover a file of our quotidian folios of information, will find, to his utter astonishment, that our nobility condescended to punt, hedge, and take the long-odds for their livelihood; that Humphreys, after ninety-two rounds, was *done*; and that a maid of honour had lost three years income by one *odd trick*.

I will not indulge myself in anticipating the conjectures to which this information may give rise; but be content with hoping that the learned gentleman, who may be so lucky as to meet with this treasure, will make his fortune by the discovery, and establish his reputation by disseminating his authentic records of the manners of the English about the close of the eighteenth century.

In

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In the pedigree of his own language, it becomes every man to be possessed of a sort of heraldic knowledge. This he will in some degree acquire by his common intercourse with the world, if he has not imbibed it with the common elements of his education. Amusement, if his taste inclines him to that sort of heraldry, may give him a larger share, but a still larger proportion of it will be forced upon him, as he travels through the fields of literature. This acquisition will enable him to decide readily upon all pretensions to rank and precedence in the world of words; and, while he places the legitimate offspring in their proper seat of honour, he will, if he be a true herald, give no countenance to the illegitimate upstart race of *bumbugs*, *twaddles*, *bores*, *rooks*, *pigeons*, *cockers*, and *bedgers*.

NUM-

NUMBER IV.

Quod turpe bonis, Titio Scioque decebat Crispinum.

Juv.

THERE is a degree of delicacy, peculiarly the property of benevolent minds, which subjects its possessors to many inconveniences, while it is in itself one of the best ingredients in the composition of human nature. He who is influenced by this amiable quality cannot without sorrow and pain determine against the interests of his neighbour, though truth and justice compel him to the decision. He cannot inflict punishment upon the guilty, without mingling his tears with him who incurs the penalty of guilt. Unwilling to censure even where it would be unjust to praise, he passes sentence upon another, as if he were begging
mercy

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mercy for himself, and suffers his own mind to be tortured with the apprehensions of putting another to the rack. The reason why this virtue, which has a sufficient number of admirers, is not more universally cultivated, is, that in many professions of life its inconveniences are by no means compensated by its advantages. How, let me ask, could the professed man of pleasure render it consistent with any meditated plan of seduction against the wife or the daughter of a friend? Might it not prove some obstruction to him in his career, if he reflected that he was about to commit an injury, which time cannot remedy, which human fortitude cannot support, and which he must be something more than a mortal Christian who can forgive?

How can one, burthened with the incumbrances of delicacy, persist in any course of life, which derives all its advantages from multiplying the sufferings of others, and whose emoluments are proportioned to his talents for destruction. The pimp is rewarded according to his activity; and his activity is estimated by the skill with which
he

he seduces the innocent, or entraps the unwary. He grows more rich as he grows more mischievous, and seldom thinks he can afford to be virtuous till vice is no longer attended by its profits. Till that period arrives, he professes to have no use for delicacy.

In the same predicament is the gamester; he cannot be benefited unless some one suffers. He refuses to entertain a guest so likely to cause confusion in his business; and prudently renounces delicacy, that he may pursue gambling.

Another reason why this virtue is less attended to, perhaps, is, because many, by making pretensions to it that are ill-supported, have attached a sort of ridicule to its very name. Myrtale is by her own account the most delicate and tender of her sex; if her monkey suspends for half an hour his usual gaiety, Myrtale is tormented with conjectures upon the cause of his indisposition; he continues his sluggishness, and Myrtale is dissolved in tears. But her benevolence is not confined in its objects to the brute creation; she not long ago,
from

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from motives of pure charity, admitted an attendant into her house, from a public receptacle of the poor; but the girl proved of an untoward disposition, and was consigned again to hunger and nakedness, for having spoken with asperity of a favourite Canary-bird. I know not how sufficiently to compassionate the sufferings of poor Myrtale, whose delicate feelings are perpetually providing torments for her. She was discarded by an unfeeling husband, merely for sympathizing with a few lovers, who but for that sympathy must inevitably have perished for love of her.

Delicacy of sentiment is a subject which has never wanted admirers and panegyrists, though the absurd claims, which some set up to the credit of possessing it, have caused it to be ridiculed by those who, from narrow minds and contracted habits of thinking, argue from the abuse of a thing to the impropriety of its existence. Real delicacy ought not to be censured because one person effects all his purposes without its assistance, or because another uses a resemblance of it for the worst purposes,

poses, any more than religion is in itself culpable, if one makes it a vehicle to assist his ambition, or another converts it into a cloak to cover his iniquity. Among the panegyrist of this virtue, few have stood more forward than the tender, elegant, delicate, sympathetic, sentimental Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose titles are enumerated by his admirers with as much variety as those of Jupiter * were by the ancients. He proved the peculiar delicacy of his mind, by denying his father in the theatre, when the old man was disposed to enjoy the applauses given to his son's play, and, with an ambition that marked his fondness, to assert his claim to some share of glory from the relationship. The poor father seems to have provoked this ill usage by the venial fault (which, however, Jean Jacques could never forgive) of being a shoemaker, of some eminence in his trade, for he was employed by the nobility; and of great paren-

* He is called *αἰσθητικὸς*, *αἰσθητικὸς*, *αἰσθητικὸς*, *αἰσθητικὸς*.
η. τ. λ.

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tal affection, for he was killed by the infamous neglect of his sentimental * son.

Of that true and genuine spirit of benevolence, which, though it appears upon common and unimportant occasions, is easily distinguished from the affectations of petty refinement, no man has exhibited a stronger example than Aristotle.

Having nearly reached the sixty-second year of his age, he became sick, and there remained little hope of his life. His followers upon this waited on him in a body, entreating him that he would choose some one, to whom after his death they might resort, for the purpose of completing those studies in which they had been instructed by himself. There were at that time in his school many well qualified for the task; but Theophrastus and Menedemus, excelled

* This story is related by Voltaire with an air of great positiveness, and the attestation of more than one witness. Yet I confess myself by no means convinced of its truth, well knowing that, where Voltaire's view was to blacken the character of an enemy, he generally laid aside truth as an incumbrance, and found a convenience in falshood more suited to his purposes and his disposition.

the rest in parts and learning. The former was a Lesbian, the latter from Rhodes. Aristotle replied, that, when a proper opportunity offered, he would, according to their request, appoint a successor. A short time after, in the presence of all his followers, he observed, that the wine which he was then drinking was deficient in strength, that it was unwholesome and roughly flavoured, and he wished them to procure for him some foreign wine, some Lesbian or Rhodian. "Bring me" said he "a little of each, and I will use that which pleases me most." They immediately hastened to procure the wines; and, Aristotle having tasted of the Rhodian, "This, said he, is a strong wine, and withal pleasant." He then took of the Lesbian, and having tasted that also, "each, said he, is a wine excellent in its kind, (αλλ' ἥδιον ὁ Λεσβιος,) but the Lesbian is the sweeter." It was obvious to every one who heard him, that he had taken this oblique method of declaring his preference of Theophrastus. Aristotle soon after died, and the Lesbian became his successor. It might be added too, for the honour

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honour of Aristotle, that under his government there existed a body of people, amongst whom an hint was sufficient to dispose of any place of honour and emolument, to invest in his office the person presented to it, and make all parties readily acquiesce in the disposal. As it does not appear from the writings of Aristotle, or any anecdotes related of him, that he ever deviated from this regard for the feelings of others, it is reasonable to infer that he was eminently distinguished for it. Indeed, had he not possessed this quality, though his biographers might not have noticed the want of it, its deficiency must have appeared in his works; many of his criticisms would have gratified private pique, which are now converted to public utility, and many of his remarks have tended only to condemn the errors of writers before his time, instead of preventing those of succeeding authors.

Against delicacy of thinking there are no offenders so gross or so frequent as the irritable race of literary controversialists. It happens that some writers of our own

country, whose names contributed to * adorn the country in which they lived, were remarkable for an overbearing positiveness of manner, for their impatience under contradiction, and their contempt for all opinions which controverted their own judgement. Men were only induced to submit to this oppression by observing, that under the management of their tyrants the state continued to flourish; that the cause of learning was daily advanced by their industry; that truth was made more familiar to them by their introduction; and virtue rendered more amiable by their taste in ornamenting her. Writers however of a later date have discovered, that it is more easy to be positive than to be right, and more easy to attack the character of another, than to establish your own. It is now no unusual thing amongst us, to find an author starting up, who informs us, that all the world has been in an error till the day on which he took up his pen; that mankind are no longer to consider the

* Bently, Warburton, Johnson, &c.

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testimonies of ages as any sanction to an opinion, but to imbibe his paradoxes and acquiesce in his contradictions. We are forbidden to read Virgil as a poet; we are assured that Terence is a stupid fellow; that Menander, Philemon, and Goldsmith are dull; and Horace a middling lyric poet; with much more such skimble-skemble stuff, uttered by dictators who have no other insignia of their authority than impotent positiveness and an air of command which no one obeys. Thus what in originals are the imperfections of a great mind, become in their imitators the affectations of a little one. I have ever admired the method adopted by Carneades, the Academic, when he was about to attack the doctrines of the Stoic philosophy, as contained in the books of Zeno. In order to enable him properly to complete his task, he thought it a salutary preparation to take a dose of white hellebore, that he might be purified from those bilious and splenetic humours which do not always confine themselves to the body, but sometimes extend their attacks to the mind. It might not be amiss if the

example of Carneades were followed by those writers, whose profession it is to be satirists and polemics, whose obliging zeal for the reformation of the world leads them into the perpetual abuse of mankind, whose eager enquiries after truth excite them so to contend for their own opinion, as if they had no other point to establish than the vilifying of their opponent.

NUM-

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NUMBER V.

IN order to have a clear insight into the disposition of any man, it is necessary that we should view him in different situations, acting in different capacities, and invested with different powers. It often happens that the same person is a kind and indulgent parent, and a cruel and despotic husband; a flatterer abroad, and a tyrant at home; courteous and affable among his acquaintance, and sullen and gloomy in his own family. I believe, if there be any one point of view in which the whole man appears, it is either where nature gives him authority, as over his children, or where custom and the laws of the land entrust him

him with some degree of power, as over his family, his domestics, and his possessions. It is here that he lords it without controul; neither subject to jealousy nor fear, neither kept on his guard by the rivalry of an equal, nor restrained by the influence of a superior. In his family he is a king; and upon his proper or improper management it depends, whether his house be the habitation of comfort, or the dwelling of misery.

It has been observed, that he who governs a family well, contributes more to the benefit of the community of which he is a member, than the dreams of a thousand politicians, be their researches ever so profound, or their declamations ever so noisy. The mode of government which prevails in a family may generally be ascertained with some degree of accuracy from the conduct of the persons governed. Where children are froward, impetuous, and peevish, it may reasonably be inferred that the reins are placed in the hands of the female, and the state is disturbed by favouritism, misplaced indulgences,

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gences, and irregular discipline. When servants are impertinent, polished, and debauched, the same accomplishments must undoubtedly belong to their masters, without whose sufferance they could not practise them, without whose encouragement they would make but small proficiency in them, without whose example they would never venture to assume them. A just observance of the ties by which a master is bound to take care of the morals of his domestics, is a circumstance which so seldom happens, that *they* seem more to interrupt the regularity of common occurrences who abide by these obligations, than they who infringe them. This is a subject which seems to be considered as so little worthy the attention of people in general, that many a man, I doubt not, whose eye skims over this page, ridicules within himself the absurdity of any one who can devote a moment's consideration to objects of such small importance. It is, however, a proposition which common sense can easily demonstrate ; that every man must partake in the guilt of those crimes which his authority

thority might have prevented. The vigilance of a master may generally prevent systematical iniquity, or a persevering attachment to any particular vice, though it is not supposed sufficient to overcome entirely those propensities to frailty which characterize human-nature. He who neglects to use his influence to such a purpose, omits a duty whose performance is recommended by human policy and commanded by God.

Did not every one know that the natural ties of parental affection are generally strong enough to prevent people from studiously corrupting the minds of their children; it might really be supposed, from the conduct of many, that some such scheme was the object of their intentions. How many young men are so trained, as to exclude from them every moral principle, and to extinguish those sparks of religion which are generally kindled in the rudiments of their education! In the years of their puerility boys are generally entrusted with a stock of religious information; they learn from very early lessons, that there is a Being omnipotent and allwise, and that to abide
by

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by his will is the perfection of human wisdom : to this point the minds of youth are usually conducted ; but the knowledge they have acquired in their earlier days they are apt to put away from them in their maturity as the toys of childhood. Perhaps the parent shews by his conduct that he values such knowledge at a low rate, perhaps he suffers by his indolence the pageantries and the pleasures of the world to take possession of the soil, and to grow up and choak " the good seed." Thus the youth, who was early made acquainted with his duty, who was engaged in habitual devotion, before he was fully sensible of the blessings it conferred, is suffered to relax in his ardour at a time when he might begin to feel the benefit of perseverance. The privileges he enjoyed of daily expressing his gratitude to the Supreme Being are discontinued as an hardship or an incumbrance, which he finds his father neither submits to nor recommends. Religion, in that circle of acquaintance which absorbs most of his time, happens to be a subject of little notoriety, and the name of it is erased from
the

the tablet of his memory ; till some favourable opportunity renders it the butt of elegant raillery, or till, presenting himself at some of our public spectacles, he finds the word of God drawn out into quavers, and that reverence, which ought to hallow the sacred book and its contents, devoutly paid to the warblings of the eunuch, or the talents of the skilful composer.

Of those smaller though more numerous duties, by means of which it is incumbent upon every man to promote the welfare, comfort, and happiness of his family, it is not my intention at present to speak ; they will be performed or neglected according to each man's understanding and disposition ; nor am I absurd enough to expect that any lecture of mine should change the morose and churlish manners of an ill-natured tyrant to mildness and benevolence ; that a dissipated and extravagant master of a family should become prudent and regular, because I inform him that it is his duty to be so ; or that order and œconomy will be established where anarchy and confusion have been accustomed to bear the sway,
because

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because it happens to be my opinion, that the establishment of the former would conduce more to happiness than the misrule of the latter.

There is one very serious duty which I believe in English families is generally discharged with faithful scrupulosity, I mean attention to their animals. The motives which are in force to excite us to this duty are indeed various; every domestic animal contributes in so large a proportion to our support, our convenience, or our pleasures, that he who has any of these ends to answer, is amply repaid by his attention to the means by which they are to be answered. The horse, if not properly fed, is unable to perform his journey; if not properly cleaned, no longer gratifies the eye by the sleekness of his coat, nor boasts his usual generosity of spirit. The dog, if his kennel be overwhelmed with filth, loses the delicacy of his nose, and manifests, by various tokens that incapacitate him for service, the neglect of his master. Amongst those to whom domestic animals are the instruments of pleasure only, it seldom happens that
they

they are neglected or abused: convenience, pride, compassion, all tend to prevent it. But it is otherwise where their labours are calculated not to produce the pleasure of the master, but his profit. The posthorse, when some accident or infirmity has disabled him from gratifying the fastidious taste of pleasure, when by his services he has merited a life of ease and emancipation, enters upon a course of servitude, in which labour is not lessened by industry, and rest is only procured by death. The only mercy they are thought worthy of is, to have their sufferings regulated by their capacity to support them, and their tasks so judiciously imposed, as to keep them still in labour, without destroying their vital powers. This, however, is more than they always meet with; and that life is often sacrificed to the cruelty of man, which has been uniformly devoted to his service or his pleasure. Even the farmer, to whom the horse is the constant partaker of his toil, does not always allow him to share the fruits of

his industry. Impolitic and cruel parsimony sometimes deprives him of his proper subsistence; still, however, he readily submits his neck to the yoke, his unrewarded services create no complaints, and the want of spirit, which is naturally caused by his scanty fare, is supplied by the frequency of the lash. Such cruelty cannot be too violently condemned. Shall the horse, to whose willingness and capacity to be serviceable the powers and the inclinations of no other animal in the world bear the smallest proportion, be refused the pittance which is necessary for his support? Shall he, to whose toil it is principally owing that the blessings of Ceres are showered upon the head of man, be the only one to whom the harvest brings no advantages? Surely it might excite some mercy in his master, that this faithful servant never disputed his authority, however capriciously exercised; that he never deserted his task, however wearisome; that his sufferings never provoked him to murmur, nor his strength tempted him to rebel.

E

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It is not, however, sufficient to secure kindness to the brute creation, that nature has put them under our protection; let gratitude for their services supply what compassion omits; but, should both fail, let it be remembered, that in the Scriptures it is mentioned as one of the characteristics of the good and merciful man, "that he is merciful to his beast."

NUM.

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NUMBER VI.

Σκηὴ πάς ὁ βίος καὶ παίγνιον ἢ μάθε πᾶσι
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἢ φερε τὰς ὀδύνας.

POLLIANUS. Vet. Epig.

Life is a sport—which many turn to care,
Then join our sport, or your own sorrows bear;

NOTHING can be more just than the sentiment contained in these two lines. Life, says the author, is a stage and a sport; and he advises us, if we can find no enjoyment in the amusements which it offers us, at least to support ourselves without sinking under the weight of troubles which are of our own raising. The real wants of men are so few that, if our wishes bore any proportion to our necessities, we should suffer the inconveniencies of disappointment as rarely as we now meet with contentment. Providence has kindly made the necessities of life easily

attainable; and it is in pursuit of its superfluities only that we subject ourselves to difficulties not always to be surmounted, to hopes which are frequently blasted, and to fortunes frequently unpropitious. The venturesome merchant trafficks to a distant country to enrich himself by importing into his own the luxuries of other climes. While success attends him, he is satisfied with the dispensations of fortune, and convinced of his own judgement. But the first moment of calamity is the signal for his complaints. The shipwreck of a vessel, the failure of a foreign agent, or the sinking price of his merchandize, will give a different turn to his sentiments. It is then that, in his estimation, the decrees of Providence are ever hostile to the interests of man; disappointment he is sure is the natural consequence of every undertaking; and he wonders at his own absurdity for having ever engaged in a scheme to which no foresight could ensure success. Thus he murmurs against Providence, unjustly accusing her as the cause of those grievances which were in fact imposed upon him by his own choice. She did not direct

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rect him to commit his wealth to the hazard of the sea; she did not bias his judgment in the choice of a sufficient agent; nor did she regulate the price of his merchandize. The chances he was exposed to were fully laid open to him before his choice led him to determine upon such an engagement; and he had no right to murmur against Providence if those burthens proved heavy or uneasy which were taken up without compulsion. Had he been content with more moderate advantages, the sums which he risked in adventure he might have still possessed in security; his slumbers might have been unbroken, though the winds whistled from every point of the compass; his property might have been undiminished, though every shore were covered with wrecks. But he voluntarily engaged in hazardous enterprises, without being able to bear up against loss and disappointment. Life might have been to him, as the Greek philosopher expresses it, "a pastime," but he had no taste for pleasure; and he betook himself to business, but was unqualified to

support its vicissitudes. The grievances, which are here so improperly laid to the charge of Providence, are by no means confined to the class of the merchant, but are extended through all ranks, distinctions, and professions; insomuch, that every man appears industriously employed in placing burthens of distress upon his own shoulders, which he is surpris'd at finding there. Curio thinks his fate peculiarly unfortunate, because by a fall from his phaeton he at last broke his leg, after having for a long time committed his neck to the mercy of vicious horses, and an aukward coachman. Thraso curses his stars for having deprived him of his estate, which twenty different times he had put upon the hazard of a dye. Asotus thinks it an unlucky accident which seduced his wife, whom he had been careful to expose to the daily attacks of licentiousness.

Every adverse circumstance, in short, which is either incurred by our own folly, or might be avoided by common prudence, is thus made the subject of our murmurs, instead of exercising our resignation. With
what

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what propriety can he complain of sickness, who has neglected to use becomingly the blessings of health? How can he with justice complain of poverty, whose wealth is dissipated by his own extravagance?

Eubulus, a clergyman of fair character and reasonable accomplishments, is one of these unreasonable grumblers. He never sees a neighbour provided for without quarrelling with the dispensations of Providence for keeping him still unbeneficed. His claims to advancement are founded upon his merit, which remaining unrewarded, he has sagaciously discovered that desert is an obstacle to his hopes; while interest, which unfortunately he is not possessed of, is the only medium through which preferment is to be expected. Occupied by these sentiments, and mortified with a repetition of disappointments, he thinks the order of things totally inverted, curses that philosophy which tells him that "virtue is its own reward," and complains of Providence for having condemned him to a profession in which his progress can only be effected by arts which he does

not think proper to practise. How absurdly does Eubulus reason! If he really is foolish enough to think it a truth, that good qualities are systematically an impediment to all progress, why did he attach himself to a line of life in which such a system prevailed? If interest was the only step by which he could rise to preferment, how, being destitute of this necessary assistance, can he be surprised that he does not attain to an eminent station? If he is sincerely of opinion, that every reasonable expectation must be followed by disappointment, why does he continue to expect, complaining of mortifications from which he always may withdraw himself, and courting distresses which he is incapable of supporting?

Arviragus is another of these perpetual complainers, the subject of whose complaint is like that of Eubulus, the neglect of his merit. Arviragus is a soldier, who, like most other soldiers that have been employed, has established his reputation, and been serviceable to his country. A general never dies, but his regiment is given to
some

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some one who was perhaps junior to Arviragus, or certainly less entitled to such promotion from his talents or his services. But such, he knows, is the usual recompence of distinguished merit; and he is disgusted with a profession in which the laurels, won by the hero, are placed upon the brow of the intriguing politician, and the hardy veterans of the war are negligently passed over, while the idle sons of peace are complimented with a rank to which they have less just pretensions.

Such is the tenor of complaints for ever intruding upon our ears from men of every order and profession, civil, military, and ecclesiastical. A vacancy is no sooner known to have happened in any high office or department, than competitors to fill it are multiplied without number. The place of a general, a judge, or a bishop, there are five hundred persons ever ready to supply, nothing doubting their own qualifications, nor at all shy of urging their pretensions: one only, however, can succeed in his claims, and the rest must be disappointed. While Great Britain may
blow
justly

justly be congratulated upon the sure prospect she enjoys of never wanting a numerous body of men ready to discharge the highest and most important offices of the state; yet we must allow it to be no small inconvenience to her government, that nine-tenths at least of her faithful servants must necessarily descend to their graves bitterly censuring the ingratitude of their country, and weeping over their unemployed abilities and their unrewarded patriotism.

How much more wisely and happily does that man live (if any such there be) who makes his inclinations conform to the rules of the philosopher, enjoying those pure pleasures which the hand of nature scatters lavishly in his way, or supporting with calmness those sorrows to which the course of life he has chosen renders him subject. He is by no means forbidden to engage in the bustle of worldly business, but is advised, if he *does* engage, to combat with perseverance the difficulties it gives rise to, and to bear with fortitude the cross accidents it necessarily produces. He who
would

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would gratify a restless ambition ought not to repine, if, in exchange for that inglorious ease he so much contemns, he should meet with irksome toils, thwarting opposition, and baffled attempts: He who aims at wealth should be prepared to encounter disappointments in the pursuit of his object, or incumbrances in the acquisition of it; for Wealth is a dæmon of such malicious subtlety, that she is alike able to confound the pursuer who toils after her in vain, and him whose greater speed enables him to overtake her; the first is ruined by the expences of his courtship, from which he is obliged to desist at the instant when he thought himself about to clasp the jilt in his embraces; the second (no less certain perhaps to his own destruction) obtains the completion of his wishes, and is left to repent a connection which first made him acquainted with disease, with interested friendships, and corrupted principles,

*Is this the language of
repentance? too true, and afraid*

N U M.

N U M B E R V I I.

Sui amans sine rivali. CICERO.

MANY people, as if determined not to be incommoded by a rival in their affections, fix them on themselves; and this indeed I have observed is the only certain method of avoiding a course of life which is subject to violent alarms and perpetual mortifications. He who is imprudent enough to be fond of a fine woman, throws in his own way a thousand stumbling-blocks which the other avoids; he sees a rival in every man he meets; he is to-day dissolved by the fair-one's smiles, and to-morrow chilled by her frowns. Thus the temperature of the climate in
M U M which

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which he lives is changed upon him with the same violence as the evil spirits, according to Milton, were exposed to, who

“ feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.”

PAR. LOST. lib. ii. 600.

Added to all this, he incurs the ridicule of his friends by the extravagant absurdities of his behaviour, he dissipates his estate by his negligence, and leaves numberless duties undischarged by his devotion to one. The man in love is as disagreeable a member of society as the man in liquor. He is deaf to every voice but one, blind to every object but one, and from his mind every subject of thought is dismissed but one. If you ask him how stocks are, he may chance to tell you, her eye-brow is arched; say the day is fine—what symmetry! he exclaims; observe that the rainbow is beautiful, and he swears she is beauty itself. It is highly amusing to remark the confusion

sion this disorder occasions when it happens to light upon a man of business. The cabinet-maker informs his customer who is enquiring after a bureau, that her limbs are well-turned, and she's an admirable piece of workmanship; and the butcher sighs out his professional ejaculations—What a Carcass! Such trotters! *In amore hæc insunt omnia!* Philautus is happily exempt from all these inconveniencies: by a fortunate attachment which concentrates all his affections in himself, he escapes every mortification except such as arises from a want of punctuality in his hair-dresser or his taylor; he knows no alarms but when he cuts his finger or finds a pimple appearing on his cheek. Philautus exercises all his taste in fabricating ornaments for his own person; all his devotion is paid to himself, and all his thoughts confined to the same object. Nor indeed will any one deny that this attachment is grounded upon the most reasonable foundation; for Philautus has discovered in the dear object of his affections every ornamental quality that falls to the
lot

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lot of Dorinda when described by the vivid imaginations of a youthful poet. Philautus looks no farther than to himself for a person elegant and striking, manners easy and captivating, wit brilliant and exuberant. All these qualifications he has found in himself; and to their possessor he is ready, without envious grudging, to pay the respect which is so justly his due. Philautus thus is involved in none of those awkward predicaments, some of which I before enumerated. He is never, like the miserable lover in Terence, denied access to his deity, when in a fit of capricious tyranny she thinks proper to exclude him; nor is he ever condemned, like the gallants of Horace's Lydia, to go through with a serenade on a rainy night, while the cruel fair-one is alike inattentive to the rattling of the tempest and the musick of her lovers. Happy Philautus! while others, in compassing the attainment of their wishes, are compelled to toil, subject to dangers, and frequently overcome with disappointments, thou hast without effort the completion of thy happiness, perfect in thyself! *sotus,*
teret,

zeres, atque rotundus. Others are condemned by cruel fate to absence from the object of their affections; but to thee, thine is ever present; or, if any unaccountable accident shall have produced a momentary separation, every mirror has a charm which can recall the wanderer, and replace in thy mind with all their force those traces of regard which, though scattered, were neither lost nor forgotten. Long mayst thou continue to enjoy the possession of that object in which rivalry will never seek to supplant thee! and to preserve that harmony in your affections which envy will never attempt to disturb!

The extravagant pitch to which Philautus strains his self-love is not perhaps commonly arrived at; yet it must be owned, that every man progressively approaches to this character in the same proportion as he pays that attention to himself and his concerns which is due to others. He who permits his private interest to sway him in his determination on public affairs, pays that attention to himself which is due to others, and approaches to the character of
Philautus,

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Philautus, with this only difference, that, whilst Philautus is ridiculous, *he* is criminal. He who neglects to make his possessions the instruments of benevolence is in the same predicament. Thus the numbers of the family of the Philauti are not easily to be estimated.

In the ridiculous absurdities of Philautus every one, in some degree, partakes who displays too much anxiety and care about the ornament and welfare of his own person. The valetudinarian, who shudders in July from the winds which attack him through the crevice of the wainscot, perhaps owes it to the tenderness of his mama, added to his own respect for himself, that he is obliged to suffocate a whole room because he is subject to take cold.

After every thing is granted which the just advocates for cleanliness, elegance, and splendour of dress require, it must be allowed that few things occasion a more general or violent disgust than that fiddle-faddle solicitude about the person and appearance, which is visibly ever uppermost in the mind of the coxcomb, whose

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aim

aim is not to shew that he has any respect for the company, but to secure their respect for himself. He is (as Shakespeare says) "rather point device in his accoutrements as loving himself, than seeming the lover of any other."

A man of sense will as cautiously avoid being seen admiring himself in the glass, as he will being heard to trumpet forth his own commendations. He who will allow himself to do one of these things, will not shrink from doing the other. When we catch a man in the fact of stealing a glance at his own person, we know him for a vain man, though we cannot prove him an impudent one.—His sentiments are very easily distinguished.—"If I might be allowed (says he to himself) to pass sentence upon that leg, it is not a very bad one." He, on the other hand, who in a room-full of company takes possession of the glass, adjusts his neckcloth before it, and surveys himself with coolness and complacency, openly defies us "to match him in all Tipperary."

Some people transfer this extraordinary
attention

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attention from their persons to their property, in behalf of which they will readily sacrifice their time, their health, their reputation, their integrity. Lord Timon, a nobleman of the first rank, of exhaustless fortune, and unparalleled meanness, is so laudably attentive to what he calls œconomy, that the expenditure of a penny extraordinary in his family cannot escape his vigilance. Even the ornaments of his seat, which to others are usually expensive, to him are the means of gain. His servant's wages are paid by persons who visit his improvements; his venison pays the butcher and the grocer; and from his hothouse he has gathered a daughter's fortune. His fish are exposed to sale upon a stall at his park-gate, upon which I remember to have heard it observed, by an unlucky wit, whose levelling principles would not allow even the sacred shield of nobility to be a defence against his sarcasms, "that Lord Timon was always a *selfish* fellow." When I traverse the premises of Timon, I cannot sometimes avoid anticipating the metamorphosis which every object I see

around me is about to undergo. His deer now swell in my imagination into oxen, and now dwindle into Sheep; while every fawn that is dropt I look upon as a pound of tea or a loaf of sugar. His fish, by a ready transformation, become gold and silver. When I look round the hot-house, and commit the reins, which Reason ought to hold, into the hands of Fancy, I consider myself as at his banker's: every pineapple is an heap of new gold, and the spade of the gardener shovels the guineas backward and forward, as they are wanted or not; while the papers that flutter about the flower-pots are bills payable on the first of May.

The character of Timon, as might reasonably be supposed, is not a very popular one; nor can any one expect that he is entitled to the regard of the world whose affection never travels beyond himself. Martial has given us a short but excellent lesson, by the observance of which the grievance here complained of may be removed: “Ut ameris, ama.” “That you may conciliate the good will of others, shew that you have some regard for them.”

N U M-

N U M B E R VIII.

Docco insanire omnes.—HOR.

"All men are mad," the raging poet cries.
 Each frantic Reader, "Not quite all," replies.
 Lifting his jaundic'd eye, "Not all Sir, sure,"
 Cries rich Avaro, mad beyond all cure.
 "Not all," coy Chloe adds, by wine made bolder.
 "Not all," repeats the Parrot from her shoulder.
 The pensioned Peer affirms it is not so.
 The mitred Politician echoes, "No."
 Each for himself and friends the charge denies;
 And Bedlam joins to curse poetic lies.

WERE that part of the legislature
 of our country which occasionally
 extends its power over insane people, and
 takes the management of their property
 and their persons into their own hands,
 employed in the more rigorous discharge
 of its duty, many a man, who now amuses

the world and distresses his friends by his absurdities, would then be reduced in his scene of action to a theatre of five feet square, and the catalogue of his property confined to little more than a bundle of straw and a wooden bowl. To the introduction of such regulations, and the extending them over all who appear to require them, there are indeed a few objections, and those perhaps not immaterial ones. Should every one who displayed the smallest symptoms of insanity be immediately deprived of his liberty, and treated as a madman, nobody can tell where the spirit of confinement might end, or who would enjoy his freedom. If it be true, as some Moralists have ventured to assert, that every person is to be considered as insane who submits his reason to the dominion of any ruling passion, if that mind cannot be deemed sound of which any inordinate desire takes occasional possession, it would be difficult, perhaps, to fix upon any one person who ought to be indulged with the privilege of walking through the world without a keeper.

Though

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Though I do not profess myself an advocate for any rigid course of law, the strict execution of which might involve in inconveniences even legislators themselves; yet I cannot but think it would be more creditable to our police, as well as useful to the public, if the laws would condescend to take some cognizance of those mischievous and evil-minded madmen, of whom the number is by no means small, who are from day to day actively employed in making attempts upon the property and the lives of their neighbours and themselves. Every man must in his life-time have been attacked by many of these monsters; and happy is he who has escaped without being wounded in his fortune, his health, or his reputation.

Mænades, after having murdered half his acquaintance, still enjoys his liberty, which he uses to continue his warfare and extend his destructions. To have survived the friendship of Mænades is to have been proof against the efficacy of poison in a thousand different preparations; to have escaped from his intimacy without damag-

ing your character or your circumstances is next to a miracle. Manades is placed in a situation of which few are capable of discharging the duties with equal success. He is at the head of a set of *bon-vivants*, the grand aim of whose life is to destroy by debauchery all which makes life valuable, health and peace of mind; to shut out the intrusions of Reflection by drinking largely from the Lethean cup of Intemperance; and to draw within the vortex of their dissipation all those whom they can entice to a participation of their pleasures. The system of philosophy in which Manades professes to instruct his followers is the *savoir vivre*; and they who are tempted to enquire too deeply into the principles of that science, soon discover wherein the comforts of life consist, by experiencing the loss of them. Like our first parents, they are content that they may be able to distinguish between happiness and misery, by forming an attachment to the latter, to give up all pretensions to the former.

To relate the exploits of Manades is scarcely within the compass of biographical

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cal history. In the annals of Libertinism no man enjoys a more exalted rank than Mænades. No man can equal his skill in provoking a competition in debauchery; nor can any man with equal certainty insure the downfall of every competitor. It is the glory of Mænades, that he can drink with matchless perseverance, and intrigue with unrivalled success. To the emulation which so noble and illustrious an example inspires, it is scarcely credible how many tall youths have become victims. I know not whether as ample furniture for the horrors of an epic poem might not be produced from the friendships of Mænades as from the anger of Achilles. Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς, &c. Without very minutely detailing a catalogue of the killed and wounded, I shall be satisfied with giving a sketch or two of different persons, who within my own recollection have sacrificed life, or the power of enjoying it, to their acquaintance with the gallant Mænades.

Claudius had nearly arrived at manhood when the same winter, which initiated him
into

into the mysteries of the metropolis and its enjoyments, procured him likewise an introduction to the accomplished Mænades. Happy in having formed an alliance so creditable to him in the outset of life, he continued with assiduity to cultivate the friendship of a man whose feats of heroism and gallantry were so frequently the topics of conversation. Mænades was equally charmed with the prospect of his pupil's proficiency, who had displayed unusual talents for vivacity and licentiousness; when, alas! his second year of intemperance destroyed a constitution not yet invigorated by the maturity of manhood. A consumption shortly after summoned the relations of Claudius to attend his funeral; and Mænades, chagrined at the loss of his friend, declared he would have been one of the honestest fellows that ever lived, had he not unfortunately died in the training.

Hippolitus was a youth of such diligence and gaiety that, after five years of probation, he was ready to dispute the palm of debauchery with Mænades himself. By perpetual potations he had rendered himself

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himself unaffailable to the power of wine, as Mithridates is said to have fortified himself against poisons by frequently taking them; and Fortune had rendered all his endeavours to ruin his constitution, by other means, fruitless. A rivalship, which threatened at least to divide the honours that had so long been the undisputed property of one alone, was more than Mænadæ could patiently submit to; he therefore formed a design which was likely to rid him of so dangerous a competitor, or to sacrifice together with his life his pretensions to future celebrity. The success of his scheme answered his most sanguine expectations. Having decoyed Hippolitus into his phaeton, by perpetual irritation he stirred up his horses to a pitch of fury which no skill or strength could moderate; they ran off with the carriage, and turning short round a corner took a post with the fore-wheel, when it was the fate of Hippolitus, being thrown to a great distance, to break both his legs. This terrible accident it is supposed surgical skill might have enabled him to survive; but the honest

nest sincerity of his former attachment to the bottle baffled the attempts of his attendants; and an inflamed habit of body, still more inflamed by pain and despondency, brought on a fever, which terminated in his death.

Glaucippus, more fortunate than many of his neighbours, narrowly escaped from the friendship of Mænades after a sufferance of four years, and compounded for his life by sacrificing the use of his limbs. A matrimonial connection transferred his attention from the elegancies of the *savoir vivre* to the retirements of a country life. Glaucippus is now employed in driving the gout from his stomach, and dissipating what he calls the blue devils by morning potations of Madeira, in nursing his great toe, and giving birth to a generation of Lazars.

Such is the fate which usually attends the sincere friends of Mænades, for whom he so carefully provides, that very few of them experience the infirmities of old age, but studiously monopolize them in their youth, when they are more able to bear them. Should a stranger be introduced to

Mænades

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Mænades when he is engaged with his set of particular old cronies, he might reasonably imagine himself transported within the walls of an hospital of incurables, and surrounded by the patients. This man is shaken to pieces by a cursed palsy, and that racked to death with an infernal lumbago; one is swelled with a dropsy, and another incrusted with a scurvy; this man has lost half the features of his face, and that halts upon crutches; while Mænades at the head of his invalids congratulates the corps upon their attachment to the common cause, hears, with as much satisfaction as they relate it, the enumeration of their honourable wounds, and with unre-mitted assiduity administers wine, as an infallible remedy to all their complaints.

Of such a nature are the offences which Mænades habitually commits against the good of the state and the safety of his fellow-subjects: nor could the legislature, I think, be better employed than in extending its influence to the restraint of such mischievous insanity. As for the numerous tribe of harmless madmen who pass and
repas

repas through our streets without endangering the lives of others, it is perhaps unnecessary to interrupt them.

Each by being humoured in his particular failing is disarmed of all his terrors. From the ravings of the moon-stricken poet no dangers need be apprehended: admire the sublimity of his rhapsodies, and he suffers you to pass without farther molestation; or deprecate the severity of his satire, and he will scorn to injure a hair of your head.

The mean and squalid-looking lord of thousands, whose troubled imagination harasses him with the dreadful apprehensions of poverty, at the same time that his coffers are filled with gold that cannot be told, may well create some alarm in the minds of those who meet him, from the settled despondency in his countenance and his general suspicious appearance. But a trifling gratuity will easily propitiate the wretch; by means of a penny or a little tobacco, you may pass him without danger.

To some, pride is the cause of deranged
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intellects:

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intellects: when this is the case, the readiest mode to protect yourself from disagreeable altercations with a madman, is to give the poor object the wall, and salute him with the profoundest respect, which he returns with a shocking grin of satisfaction.

NUM.

NUMBER IX.

Est et fidei tuta silentio

Merces—

HOR.

“Reward to faithful secrecy is due.”

THERE exists, I believe, no greater proof of a strong understanding than the power of keeping a secret. It is a qualification which many a man of sense may be without, but which a fool cannot possess. The crime of betrayed confidence all persons are ready to allow is inexcusable. Yet how many condemn themselves when they pass such a sentence! Had Catiline been forewarned, that he was likely to betray the secrets of his conspiracy by admitting a woman to the participation of them, it is probable he would have resented such a suspicion as groundless, and considered

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dered the person who entertained it as an unjust accuser. Had Brutus been cautioned against acquainting his wife with the secrets of the scheme concerted for the death of Julius Cæsar, he would most likely have looked upon such a caution as an unmerited stigma cast upon the uniform integrity of his character. Yet the secrets of the former conspiracy were exposed to the mistress of Catiline; and those of the latter to the wife of Brutus. When this qualification was denied to Catiline, who was equally distinguished by the possession and the prostitution of his talents, and to Brutus, whose conduct was alike the admiration of his friends and enemies, we may reasonably conclude that a great mind may be deficient in it, and a great character be established without its assistance. Perhaps it may be thought, that from one omission we ought not to judge the general conduct of these two men; yet may we not justly suppose them destitute of a faculty which they neglect to call forth into use, when the most important occasion of their lives demands its application?

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In

In being able to extend that information to others, which they could not acquire but by our means, there is a temptation to assert our own consequence, which many minds cannot resist. It is here that vanity is the betrayer of confidence. Sometimes men are led to it by a foolish regard for the person to whom they betray themselves, which does not allow them to reflect that it is an ill compliment to a friend, or a mistress, to sacrifice their own integrity to another's gratification. But this faculty of keeping a secret is particularly the object of attack from all those passions to whose dominion the human breast is subject. The mind is attacked from one quarter by avarice, from another by fear, from a third by anger, and from a fourth by intemperance. It is by no means wonderful, therefore, that it so seldom is capable of maintaining its post. Claudius, in the gaiety of his heart, unburthens his mind to the companion of his bottle; Clemens, in a fit of fondness, to his mistress; and Ventidius, in the vehemence of his rage, blurts out those truths against his adversary,

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versary, which had been lodged in his breast by the unguarded confidence of another.

Afranius is of all persons the last whom a prudent man will entrust with his confidence. He is a man of many mysteries; by whom every trifling circumstance is made a secret, and every secret is betrayed. Afranius, without ever laying down one positive assertion, is able to create more mischief than the female gossips of a whole province. He contrives to hint a neighbour's wife into an intrigue, or a neighbour into jail; and this without subjecting himself to those inconveniencies which the hazard of erroneous conjectures sometimes leads men less upon their guard: he expresses his sincere wishes, that his friend may be able to continue the splendid style of living in which he is engaged; and that his neighbour will not be so ill-natured as to interrupt the intimacy between his wife and the captain. Afranius thus always tells more than he knows, while he pretends to conceal more than he has told. This gentleman is the ridicule of common

sense, and the oracle of shallow understandings; and thus far indeed what he says may be considered as oracular, for, like the answer of the Delphian, it is always capable of different and opposite interpretations.

Another of these male gossips is Leviculus, whose character is so generally known that every one considers him as no more to be trusted with a secret than an automaton, whose conductor agrees for a shilling that he shall answer every question that is put to him. Leviculus, if he has by any means acquired the knowledge of a circumstance which is not yet become the topic of universal conversation, is uneasy till he has communicated it to all his friends. And as the imparting an article of news is the greatest satisfaction he is capable of enjoying, he goes with equal glee to commiserate the misfortunes of a bankrupt tradesman, or to rejoice in the success of a fortunate adventurer. This particular attachment of Leviculus is frequently gratified by the kindness of his friends, who fabricate marvellous relations, and impart them to him with a solemnity
of

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of manner, and frequent injunctions of secrecy. These stories he persuades himself to believe, that he may have no scruples about telling them in the next company he goes to; making it a matter of conscience not to relate any circumstance, the truth of which he has reason to doubt, lest any one should presume to question the veracity of Leviculus.

Lord Bacon, whose directions for the conduct of men are built rather upon the principles of human policy than those of moral rectitude, says of secrecy, " that it is
" the virtue of a confessor, for who will
" open himself to a blab or a babbler?
" But if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery; as the more close air
" sucketh in the more open; and as in
" confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart,
" so secret men come to the knowledge of
" many things in that kind, while men
" rather discharge their minds, than impart their minds. In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides, to say
" truth, nakedness is uncomely as well in

“ mind as in body; and it addeth no small
“ reverence to men’s manners and actions,
“ if they be not altogether open. As for
“ talkers and simple persons, they are
“ commonly vain and credulous withal;
“ for he that talketh what he knoweth
“ will also talk what he knoweth not;
“ therefore set it down that an habit of
“ secrecy is both politick and moral. And
“ in this part it is good, that a man’s face
“ give his tongue leave to speak; for the
“ discovery of a man’s self by the tracts
“ of his countenance is a great weakness
“ and betraying, by how much it is more
“ marked and believed than a man’s
“ words.” Of the qualification which he
has here so much and so justly commended,
Bacon well knew the advantages, and his
directions may be relied on as the lessons
of an experienced teacher.

The acquisition of a friend, in whose bo-
som our secrets may repose with the same
security as in our own, is a trite subject of
panegyric, both with those who estimate
the value of such a possession, by daily
finding the want of it, and with those who
prove

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prove the advantages of secrecy by daily betraying the confidence reposed in them. Certain it is, that this quality is rarely to be met with. Let him, therefore, who has one friend that can keep a secret, value him as that person deserves to be valued who can exceed the policy of Catiline, and surpass the integrity of Brutus.

While prudence forbids us to entrust with our secrets any one who is liable to be hurried beyond his reason by the first gust of passion that comes across him, yet it is far from recommending to us that close and jealous habit of suspicion which sees an enemy in every one who is not a professed friend, and expects to be betrayed by every one who is not sworn to secrecy. The common concerns of life are in themselves of a nature so indifferent, that their concealment or communication will have no effect on human affairs. It will make little difference in the state of our moral or politic welfare, whether we inform the world, or hide from it, that we regularly make three meals a day, or possess so much a year. Yet of this trifling nature are

those secrets which a frivolous mind will think most worthy to be preserved; to the neglect of those concerns, of whose importance, while occupied in lower pursuits, it has no conception. Mendax dazzles the world with the splendor of his equipage, yet no man knows where he dines. The truth is, he deprives himself of his dinner, that he may the better support his state: while Mendax is faithful in protecting this absurdity from the eye of the world, he is no less certain to betray every confidence reposed in him. He conceals those things which absurdity only wishes to hide, and reveals those which are due to secrecy.

I know not that the measure of that trust, which may be committed to the bosom of a friend, has any where been more justly ascertained than in the works of that northern phenomenon in the annals of poetry, Robert Burns, in whom we discover the rare union of great simplicity and great knowledge of human nature. He sings,

“ Ay free, aff han’ your story tell,

“ When wi’ a bosom crony;

“ But

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" But still keep something to yourself"

" Ye scarcely tell to any." Page 258.

Among the somethings which the poet recommends us to conceal are, I apprehend, schemes half-formed and intentions half-digested. These, when advice is not requisite, and their success or failure depends entirely upon ourselves, it is sometimes prudent not to divulge even to a friend. For, should he disapprove of them on his own account, you put it in his power to circumvent you; if on your's, it becomes a matter of conscience with him to frustrate your designs. If you fail in your attempts, he may think less of your skill or your industry; if you desist from them, he may suspect you of caprice and inconstancy.

N U M.

N U M B E R X.

—mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbes.

HOR.

TO those who are engaged in a search after information, nothing is more discouraging than the detail of the hasty traveller, who travels that he may describe, who describes what he has only half seen, and supplies the place of accuracy and truth with prejudiced opinion and erroneous conjecture. How can we reasonably expect a satisfactory account of any country from the person who passes through it with rapidity, or who even assists his enquiries by a temporary residence

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dence in it, when we reflect that to give a moderately comprehensive view of our own has never been successfully attempted but by those who were qualified for the task by long observation, extensive knowledge, and superior abilities? Perhaps, we may be told, that to the traveller we are indebted for our acquaintance with the manners peculiar to the nation through which he travelled. Thus far, indeed, he adds to the amusement of those who wish to balance the absurdities of their countrymen with those of a different people, and are content with their entertainment without examining its frivolity. But I am at a loss to guess how any improvement can be gleaned from a description of those manners, whose cast is as variable as the colour of the camelion. To be told that such were last year the manners of a nation, if we can now trace no vestiges of them, interests us no more than the perusal of an old almanack, where the usual quantity of wet and dry weather, of dullness and absurdity, is dispensed at the usual price. When we are amused with the
manners

manners of a nation from a description taken at any particular period of time, what is the object of our amusement? A work which has neither a beginning nor an end; the second volume of an history of which the first and third are lost. A writer of this class can only become useful by being systematical; if, instead of telling us how the Chinese now eat and drink, and dress, and talk, he will extend his enquiries to the remoter periods of their history, and mark the gradual alterations, or the total changes, which from time to time have taken place in those particulars, he will then furnish ample scope, by his labours, for the virtuoso to indulge his curiosity, and the moralist his sagacious observations. Then, indeed, should he possess a moderate share of wit, he may afford equal entertainment, and be admitted to an equal degree of celebrity with the conductor of the puppet-show, who began his exhibition from the creation of the world, with Punch crossing the stage with his head under his arm, and continued it to the humorous follies of a lady in the most fashionable

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shionable dress of the present year. It is not, however, by any means my intention to speak with insult or derision of any work, or any author whose laudable aim it is to give us information with which we were before unacquainted. Yet when he who describes the manners of a people, which are most likely changed before his description is finished, calls his work an history, and assumes the title of an historian; he is not treated with too much asperity, if it be whispered to him, that he bears the same relation to an historian that the pupil of a portrait-painter bears to his master; to the former it is entrusted to express the folds of the drapery, the majesty of the periwig, or the ornament of the ruffle; but to characterize the face, and delineate the features, is only in the power of the latter.

Should a foreigner, after three months residence in London, think proper to treat his friends with the history of Great Britain, from what materials can we suppose his work must necessarily be composed? In describing the fertility of our country, he
may

may tell them not what he has only heard, or read of, but what he has actually seen—from the window of a post-chaise, in his journey between Dover and the metropolis. While he continues to confine his relation to those scenes of prevalent manners and present grandeur of which he has been an eye-witness, he may swell his page with the measurement of St. Paul's, the wonders of the whispering-gallery, or the humours of a Westminster election; but by attempting to give any insight into our history from such a specimen, he reminds us of that ingenious man, who, having an house to sell, put one of its bricks in his pocket, and carried it to market as a sample.

In the entertaining accounts given us of the Pelew Islands and their inhabitants, we are informed that the chief of that excellent people conceived so great an esteem for our nation, that to a company of shipwrecked English mariners he entrusted the person of his eldest son, to be by them transported to a land, which to an inhabitant of Pelew must have appeared

scarcely

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scarcely within the confines of the world, and to be initiated by them in the mysteries of life, where every occurrence must excite his amazement, and every convenience appear a miracle of refinement. Could the youth have enjoyed a communication with his father, may we not suppose him, after having made those enquiries concerning his nation and domestic concerns, which his patriotism and filial affection prompted, expressing, if not in the following language, perhaps in one whose meaning is not very different, that confusion of sentiments which he had imbibed after a very short residence among us?

“How, my father, shall I address to you a description of the people amongst whom I sojourn? How am I to describe their capricious fickleness, to one acquainted only with constancy? How shall I shew the variety of their vices, and the refinement of their manners, to the king of a nation characterized by virtuous uniformity, and enviable simplicity? How, after all, am I to make it intelligible to you, that the same nation is as far renowned for its virtues

virtues as it is stigmatized by its vices, and distinguished by its luxurious refinements in the same degree as it is celebrated for the hardiness of its people? They, indeed, form a medley of contradictions, which time may perhaps enable me to reconcile; but which at present I study without understanding, and daily reflect upon with increasing perplexity. Scarcely had I set my feet within the territories of the king of England, before I was surprized by a circumstance which made me reflect with horror upon the envy and ingratitude of these people. When first we came within sight of the English shore, the joy which pervaded our whole company cannot be described to you; every one, I concluded, except Lee Boo, was anticipating the embraces of his wives, the congratulations of his parents, or the caresses of his children. But from Lee Boo, his wives, and his parents, and his children, were so far removed as to banish, not indeed the remembrance of them, but the hopes of seeing them again. When all others, therefore, were merry, your son alone was sorrowful,

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rowful, yet he assumed the countenance of pleasure, that he might not interrupt that joy of which he could not cordially partake. When we reached at length the long-wished-for land, the tumult of happiness which all felt was expressed in the face of each. Every man was received, as he landed, by one or more of his wives; and a numerous body of their countrymen contributed, by the heartiness of their welcome, to render the scene too interesting to be easily borne by feelings so acute as those of Lee Boo. When he contemplated the cordiality with which the women welcomed the return of their husbands, and the mutual interchange of earnest salutations which took place between the men, he thought of his countrymen, and could not refrain from tears. Not long, however, did your Lee Boo indulge these reflections without being interrupted by a confusion of new objects, which succeeded each other in such endless variety, that, while his mind was occupied in observing them, their multiplicity distracted him. Every person he met, every struc-

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ture

ture he saw, every conveyance he passed by the way, was a new subject of his wonder. Still to increase the measure of his surprize, your son was received, with five persons from the ship, into a small habitation, to which we climbed by steps, not equalling in size, though surpassing in convenience, a cottage in Pelew. And let not Lee Boo be discredited, oh my Father, if he relates to you, that, being seated in this cottage, he found himself carried forward by a motion which, from its velocity, seemed to be caused by the winds, and from the straightness of its direction appeared to be regulated by a skilful steersman. The intrepidity of the English was frequently the cause of our admiration, nor did it here desert them. My companions sat with firmness and composure, while the confusion of sounds over our heads, and the irresistible force with which our house was carried along, created, I confess, no small alarms in the mind of Lee Boo. My apprehensions were greatly alleviated when, upon a sudden relaxation of the wind, I found a stop was put to our motion. But
we

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 99

we overcame one danger only to be subdued by another; for, at the same instant that we stopped, a man opened a door, and with an air of irresistible bravery, and a menacing tone of voice, demanded, as I learnt from my companions, the possession of our goods. Upon each man he levied some contribution, except upon Lee Boo, whom he permitted to pass untaxed, paying a just regard to the laws of hospitality, and exciting in me a noble idea of that valour which could lead him to attack five Englishmen, and that clemency which omitted to exercise any cruelty upon so many captives."

N U M B E R X L

Lee Boo's Letter continued.

“**T**HE valiant plunderer now left us ; and, as if the winds themselves were subject to his controul, we were again carried with rapidity over the surface of the earth ; but the mind of Lee Boo was clouded with mysterious reflection. How, thought I, comes it to pass, that of six Englishmen one only is able to daunt the courage of the five others ! I then brought back to my recollection, the commanding aspect and warlike appearance of the hero, and concluded that he was some near relation of the King's, or of the first order of the *Bone* *, whose known strength and approved prowess in war gave him an

* See the “History of the Pelew Islands”

irre-

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irresistible advantage in every contest. Filled, therefore, with great conceptions of his magnanimity, I profusely commended the behaviour of the warrior, in which I found the envy of my companions would not permit them to join. By one it was whispered, that the valour I so much admired was only the resource of desperate villainy, to raise a support for idleness and vice: a second informed me, that, instead of a relation of the King's, we had met with one of the very lowest order of the people: a third added, that, instead of being rewarded for his conduct with the order of the bone, he would meet his deserts by being put to death. What will my father think of this envious ingratitude! how different would be the return for such consummate bravery among the inhabitants of my native country! Would not the daughters of my father rejoice in such an husband? Would not the armies of Pelew receive with triumph such a General? Every honour that could be conferred on the most deserving citizen, would be zealously heaped upon one whose merits are here disregarded, whose society even is shunned

by every one who is not ambitious of being marked as the next object of envy and persecution.

“But by their vices and their virtues, as I before told my father, the English people are alike distinguished ; the attachment they bear to their King is so violent, that it discovers itself on the most frivolous occasions ; as one of which take the following : they have a mineral here, which, being sent them from distant lands, is divided into small portions, and each portion is impressed with a figure of their King ; the ardour which they manifest to possess even this representation of him is a sufficient proof of their affection for the original ; if you scatter an handful of this article in the most busy street of their great city, every one is ready instantly to desert his occupation, and rescue the pictures from their disgraceful situations : there appears a sort of charm in this valuable commodity, the possession of which secures the profound esteem of all the men, and the love of all the women : so great is their faith in the name of their King, that

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it has more than once happened, during my short stay here, that two citizens have engaged in battle with such acrimony as if their life depended upon the issue of the contest, to which they were excited by the hopes of obtaining a few pieces of this mineral. In short, such is the universal loyalty which pervades this nation, that, for a few of these resemblances, husbands will give up their wives, young buxom damsels will rush into the arms of palsied age, families will disunite, and friends forget the bond of friendship; To such a pitch of extravagance do they carry their virtues!

“ Often has my father admired the tenderness with which the English watched over the sickness of each other during their residence in our islands; often too has that tenderness been exercised to the benefit of my countrymen, who by the skill of of their surgeon were sometimes recovered from the violent attacks of a fever, and sometimes relieved from the anguish of a wound. Here too their humanity is as laudable and extensive. If a sailor loses a limb in war, he is supported at the public

expenſe ; if a ſoldier be maimed, he meets with a ſimilar proviſion ; any private diſtreſs which is made known is ſoon relieved by the munificence of the public contributions. Yet, with all this exerciſe of their humanity, the public walks are crowded with objects of deſpondency. There is an order of men here called *private gentlemen*, the miſery of whoſe ſituation I know not how to explain : unemployed in the arts, mechanics, manufactures, or agriculture, of their country, and excluded from bearing offices in the government of the ſtate, they exhibit by their countenances, as they ſaunter through the ſtreets of the great city, the true ſtate of their minds. Some of them indeed aſſume a careleſs air, as if they were inured by cuſtom to their wretchedneſs, and meet the eyes of thoſe, who are active and employed, without appearing aſhamed of their own ſituation ; but the greater number of them are ſenſible of their miſery, and betray their feelings by gloomy features and downcaſt looks.

“ I have

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“ I have known some of these objects, who, being unable to sustain any longer that mental and corporeal torpor to which the sentence of a harsh parent had condemned them, have, by a laudable sort of stealth, liberated themselves from it, and taken up the offices of fiddlers, coachmen, jockies, gamblers, or grooms, which they, who consult their genius in the choice, are enabled to support with a degree of eclat almost equal to that of those who were educated in those sciences. Others, however, overcome with the unhappiness of their condition, have put a period to their existence ; directing those instruments towards themselves which made such havoc among the enemies of my father. The number of these is so far from small, that scarcely a day passes which does not inform us of an accident happening to some of them. Does it not mark the inconsistency of this extraordinary nation, that, with all their anxiety to relieve the bodily distresses of the indigent, they neglect to make any provision for the mental derangement which so frequently

seizes these unhappy convicts. Oh, my Father! whatever may be the advice of Madan Blanchard *, as you regard the welfare of your nation, do not, I entreat you, introduce that mode of punishing offenders which the erroneous policy of this people has so successfully adopted, by condemning them to the order of gentlemen: their idleness is burthensome to the state, and the penalty which has such an effect upon the mind is too severe for almost any crime.

“ To give you a farther insight into the political errors of the English, I must inform you, that, in the laws which regard the most valuable article of their possessions, the propagation of their species, they are the most injudicious people in the world. Other nations encourage population; while this seems to multiply expedients for the purpose of restraining it. Every man is here confined by the matrimonial law to one legal wife; nor can he obtain possession of that till he has given evident proofs

* The Englishman, who, at his own request, was left among the Pelew-Islanders.

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of the zeal of his loyalty, by spreading before his mistress a numerous collection of those pictures, of which I before gave you some account. Nor is this the only ceremony (though it is indeed no immaterial one) that is expected of him: if a man wishes to marry, he must first lay siege to the father and mother of the damsel, whose approbation should he be fortunate enough to acquire, new labours commence; he has then an uncle and an aunt to attack, whose good-will he must conciliate, or fail in his attempt. Many, therefore, are prevented from matrimonial engagements by ineffectual efforts of this kind; and many more by despairing of success in such attempts. It seldom indeed happens that this ceremony is solemnized till one or both of the parties have accumulated their possessions by outliving all their relations, and surviving the vigour of their youth, and the sincerity of their passion. The consequence of this policy is, that it is habitual to every unmarried man, who from his circumstances or his situation cannot make it convenient to maintain a mistress at his own proper

and regular charge, to repair to some public repository of wives, of which there are many in this metropolis, and there dissipate his possessions, and exhaust his constitution in the enjoyment of barren embraces, and the purchase of dissembled love. Of such a nature as this were the women, whom at our landing I mistook for the faithful wives of my companions. So much is this nation attached to its customs, that an ingenious member of the state, who proposed a reformation in these particulars, by allotting to each man one or two more women than are at present allowed by the law, has been ever since the publication of his sentiments persecuted with the unceasing obloquy of his countrymen. Such is their national stock of peculiarities, besides which, every individual has a private share of his own: in England each man is unlike his neighbour, and forms a character of himself; their different modes of dress, faith, amusement, and occupation, are varied according to the different humours of each. By this fondness for singularity,

which

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which their government allows them to indulge, they are led into extravagances of conduct, such as it would be difficult to describe to you. One man continues to sleep till the sun has performed half his journey, because it happens to be his humour; another, for the same reason, begins to take his rest at an hour when others are rising to their various employments. But my father is tired of contemplating this catalogue of absurdities, and I must come to a conclusion.

“Had my knowledge of the English been confined to those scenes, of which I was a witness at Pelew, I could not sufficiently have admired their activity, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity; but here, where they are congregated into a nation, their better qualities are so obscured by vice, spleen, dirt, and luxury, that I sigh with impatience to behold again the face of my father, and to revisit the habitations of my countrymen.”

Thus it is, that the traveller frequently amuses himself and his friends with occurrences in which he is sometimes an actor,

actor, and sometimes only the historian; now speaking in the first person, and now in the third, accounting for things which appear obscure to him by conjectural causes, and misleading all those who read him with confidence.

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NUMBER XII.

Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt acerque procellis
Africus— VIRGIL.

THE human breast has been frequently and aptly compared to the sea; the passions bearing as unrestrained a sway over it as the winds do over the Ocean: it is sometimes tossed to and fro by violence of contending passions, and sometimes carried along in a torrent by one; it is now illumined by the gleams of hope, and now darkened by the clouds of despair; it is now lulled to rest by the calm of content, and now put in motion by the turbulence of ambition. It is however ordained by an allwise Providence, that most of our passions, when under the guidance of reason, shall tend to a good and useful end. The mutual inclination of the
human

human kind toward a different sex, when under such a restraint as checks any propensity to a riotous licentiousness, is well calculated to remove the consequences which must attend an unprofitable celibacy. It is the property of anger, when guided by reason, to mark our disapprobation of what is wrong; nor can it be called an evil affection till by its duration it becomes uncharitable, or by its impetuosity dangerous. We are not forbidden by the scriptures to be angry, for it seems to be considered as a quality inherent in the principles of our nature. We are, however, forbidden to let the sun go down upon our wrath, lest the harbouring of such a passion long should impair our benevolence; and, to prevent our being carried away by the sudden and vehement impulses of it, we are enjoined when angry "not to sin."

Fear is a passion, which, when restrained within due bounds, is productive of good. It suggests to us the necessity, and oftentimes the means, of our defence, and is essential to the existence of true valour; for
he,

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he, who has no fear, has no courage. Where there is no object of fear there is no incitement to valour; but where there is such an object, he must be a fool who does not see it. Folly only is insensible to danger, while courage is superior to it: folly incurs dangers which it ought to avoid, while courage turns from none which it ought to meet; the one can only triumph by being fortunate, but the other commands respect, though it should fail.

I have seen it somewhere recorded, I think, of the King of Prussia, that, when one of his general officers was absurd enough to affirm in his presence, that he had never been sensible of fear, that Prince replied, "then you never smuffed a candle with your fingers;" admirably well ridiculing the folly of those who lay claim to courage by boasting their insensibility to danger.

The true mean between cowardice and rashness has no where been so well illustrated as in Shakespeare's character of King Henry the Fifth; in the delineation

of which the truth of the historian as justly challenges our esteem, as the beauty of the poet does our admiration ; for, after making every allowance for the national prejudices, of which no writer can perhaps entirely divest himself, there remains as much truth in Shakespeare's account of the battle of Agincourt, as can be found in any one historical detail of that extraordinary event. But our business is to consider the conduct of the king, in order to prove that a reasonable degree of fear is consistent with consummate courage. That he was aware of the dangers * which threatened him, is apparent from the calmness with which he weighs them on the eve of the battle ; and that his mind was superior to those dangers, is easily proved by the skill with which he marshalled his soldiers, and the intrepidity with which he sustained the contest.

That species of folly which is frequently mistaken for courage is well characterized

* Act IV. &c.

King Henry.—“ 'Tis true that we are in great danger,

“ The greater therefore should our courage
be.”

by

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by some words which the poet has put into the mouth of * Lord Orleans, who is speaking of the ferocious spirit of our mastiffs: " Foolish curs, says he, that run
 " winking into the mouth of a Russian bear,
 " and have their heads crushed like rotten
 " apples."

The heroes of antiquity are represented by their poets as no strangers to this passion of fear. How often do we find *Æneas* in his difficulties reasonably affected by it! sometimes " his † hair stands on end through
 " astonishment, and his tongue denies its
 " office;" and sometimes " his ‡ blood
 " is said to thicken with the effects of
 " fear." I have said thus much that blindness may not bear away all the trophies, to which valour only is entitled; and that fear may not be loaded with all those reproaches, which are justly the portion of cowardice. The passions of joy and grief

* Henry V. Act. IV.

† Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."

‡ ——— " Gelidusque coit formidine sanguis."

VIRGIL.

are as nearly allied as those of fear and courage, and live by the existence of each other. The grief which finds no interruption from joy becomes weak, and is devoured by feeding upon itself; and the joy of him who has never been acquainted with grief is less valued as its worth is less known and soon forfeits that title which exists only in the opinion of its possessor.

Grief is excited by the absence of some lost good, or the presence of some acquired evils, and ought neither to be driven out of the mind, nor indulged without restraint. He who can see his friend drop into the grave without being compelled, by the recollection of his worth and the ties of their friendship, to follow him with his tears, may be stiled a philosopher, but cannot have much claim to the title of a man. Philosophy indeed has many disciples, who boast that they are instructed by a mistress, whose lessons are calculated to remove them from the gross attacks of human affections, and to exempt them from the common infirmities of passion, which

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which are the characteristics of less enlightened men: they meet adversity with hardened insensibility, falsely called firmness; and success, with a churlishness which takes the name of moderation. They neither grieve with the miserable, nor rejoice with the fortunate; they loosen the bonds by which society is linked together, and annihilate those passions which they ought to moderate. It is the pride of stoical philosophy to emancipate her followers from the imperfections of human nature; but by endeavouring to make them something greater than men, it is to be feared she usually makes them something less: they are forbidden to grieve, because the immoderate indulgence of that passion unfits a man for the duties he owes to society, discovers a spirit discontented with the decrees of Providence, and argues his inferiority who is vanquished by the caprice of fortune: they are forbidden to rejoice, because the extravagance into which some are transported by excess of joy gives another proof of the imbecillity of our nature. Thus they argue from the abuse of a thing against

its propriety ; but reason and religion hold out to us a different lesson. The patience of Job is not impeaced, because " his grief " was very great ;" nor does he incur the anger of heaven, because in the " bitterness " of his soul" he complained of his condition : but he is rewarded with honour, because he did not suffer his grief to overturn his integrity ; and cause him to " curse " his God and die : " and " God turned his " captivity at last ;" contrasting his conduct with that of Eliphaz the Temanite and his two friends, against whom his wrath was kindled, because " they had not spoken of him the thing that was right, as his servant Job had." Grief therefore cannot properly be stigmatized as an evil, till by its violence our reason is overpowered ; and they who would deprive us of the passion itself, in order to prevent the excess of it, are guilty of the same species of absurdity as the physician who took off the head of his patient to cure him of the tooth-ach.

Joy is a passion whose effects are more dangerous, and less easily overcome, than those of grief, This happens, I believe,

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not from any intrinsic power which gives it a more unlimited degree of dominion over us; but because we are less frequently exposed to its attacks. To grieve is within the power of us all. The occurrences of every day will generally supply us with materials on which we may exercise this faculty; and where they will not, the human fancy is sufficiently alert in setting before us scenes of imaginary woe which may never be realized; in threatening us with dangers we may never meet; and confounding us with the foresight of perplexities in which we may never be involved. While thus, even when the hand of Misfortune is not upon his, we continue to fabricate our own misery; we may indeed truly be said to be "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." To rejoice is not thus entirely within our own power. Unmixed joy seldom pays above one or two visits to a man in the space of his life; and then, as its approach is not anticipated, it takes possession of him by surprize, and the garrison of reason is compelled to submit to the terms of the conqueror. That joy bears a

more irresistible sway over the human mind than grief, may be collected from the following short story. After the defeat of the Romans at the village of Cannæ, word was brought to a Roman lady that her son had fallen in that battle: she heard the message, and was overwhelmed with grief at her loss. The account however proved false; and the messenger was soon succeeded by her son, whose appearance dissipated indeed the grief of his mother, but caused her death by the violent emotions of her joy. The effects of joy are here evidently stronger than those of grief, perhaps because they were (as they generally are) more sudden. She, who knew her son was in the battle, could not be totally unprepared to hear of his death; but she, who had already mourned for him as dead, could have no clue which might lead her to suppose the possibility of his living.

NUM-

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N U M B E R XIII.

Πολλὰς δὲ ἀνάγκη γὰρ πείθει εἰς ἔργα
Ὅταν αἰτυχησῶσι, γέγοντας, οὐ φύσει
Οὕτως τοίετους.

MENANDER.

“ I know many persons whom hard fortune hath
“ made wicked, that were not so by nature.”

IT is not, I believe, within the limits of human capacity to furnish a lesson of wisdom, which the sons of men stand more in need of than the one I have just cited from the fragments of Menander. While we are approving our own integrity by faithfully cataloguing the frailties of our neighbours, how seldom do we take it into our account, that they have perhaps borne the pressure of misfortunes by which we were never
bur-

burthened, and at length been drawn aside by temptations that were never thrown in our way ! He who rolls in affluence takes little trouble to estimate the numbers or the strength of those temptations to which the poor are exposed ; by which, as they are attacked without his observation, they fall without his compassion. While his own family are well cloathed and well fed, it scarcely occurs to his imagination, that the heart of another may be wrung by the sufferings of his naked children, or his ears assailed by the clamours of the hungry : while he fares sumptuously every day, he will not suffer his luxury to be interrupted by reflecting upon the scanty subsistence which the hire of the labourer supplies, barely sufficient to answer the calls of his appetite, or protect his limbs from the invasions of the weather ; he hears that the depredations of the poor incur the rigour of justice, and joins in the condemnation of those crimes, which generosity may frequently prevent, and charity is bound always to compassionate. The moralist, indeed, knows that every deviation from
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the line of rectitude is contrary to the laws of God, and the institutes of man; but the moralist is but half acquainted with his subject if he does not likewise know, that to pursue with vindictive severity those infirmities which a change of situation might have made our own, is, by a ratified compact between God and us, to shut the gates of mercy against ourselves. Can any one so "strengthen himself in the multitude of his riches" as to be assured, that, had Poverty been his lot, he could have triumphed over all her temptations? Let him take great care, lest upon examination his own wealth be found the profits of fraudulent traffick, or the rewards of injurious speculation. Let him beware lest he submit to those temptations which riches bring with them, while he condemns the fallings-off of the poor. Let his own conscience prove to him, that he neither squanders in extravagance the goods which Providence entrusted to his care, for the distribution of blessings among his fellow creatures, hoards them with grudging avarice,
nor

nor confines them to the support of his own indolence.

How many instances have fallen within the notice of us all, wherein those whom we once remembered the partners of our frolick, and the companions of our mirth, are now entangled in the snares of vice, or overwhelmed with the misfortunes of life; who set forward in the world with expectations that flattered and have deluded them; with a quick sense of honour, arising from conscious integrity, now blunted by an intercourse with mankind; with a benevolence of heart, and ease of mind, now clouded by suspicious jealousy, and disturbed by a restless conscience!

Dives and Aſotus began their career of life together; from having been companions in the frolicsome scrapes of school-boys, they proceeded to enjoy together the maturer irregularities of college associates. The former possessed a fortune which common extravagance could not exhaust; the latter, a competence which common prudence might render adequate

to

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to the expences of a gentleman. Their intimacy was such, that Dives engaged in no scheme of which Afotus was not a partner; and Afotus thought his pleasures without their usual relish, unless Dives partook of them; but their progress through life discovered, that the union which is formed upon no surer foundation than a similarity of pursuits, particularly when those pursuits are neither profitable, ornamental, nor praiseworthy, is by no means entitled to the sacred name of friendship. Intimacy is indeed produced by kindred occupations, by accident, or convenience, or interest; but friendship can only arise from a certain degree of mutual moral approbation. A thief does not engage with an associate till he finds, or thinks he finds, one in whom his confidence will not be betrayed; on whom he can rely for intrepidity of mind, and fidelity of attachment. They are not united because both are thieves, but because they confide in the integrity of each other, as far as that integrity goes which their profession requires. But the votaries of pleasure are united like travelers

lers upon the same road, who journey together as long as it is convenient to them both, and separate without compunction, when that convenience is at end: it was thus with Dives and Asotus. As the world holds out those enjoyments which are usually called pleasures, to be bought at an equal price by those who have much and those who have little, every man is left to calculate for himself, how far he may think proper to become a purchaser. This is a calculation, in which, since very few are accurate, it is by no means wonderful that Asotus was mistaken: he suffered his friend to display no ostentation of expence which he did not equal himself; he rivaled him in the splendour of his entertainments, and kept pace with him in the variety of his dissipation. In a short time, however, the inequality of the contest, in which he so imprudently engaged, was sufficiently apparent. From such a competition, while the possessions of Dives suffered no diminution, those of Asotus were almost exhausted: determined, however, to make one resolute effort in behalf
of

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of his expiring reputation, he assembled all his acquaintance ; from the remnants of a bankrupt fortune he gave an entertainment, which surpassed in brilliancy every attempt of his competitor; and in the circle of gaiety he was seen no more. The absence of Asotus from his accustomed society excited the enquiries of Dives, who could not, however, avoid mixing with his enquiries some sarcastic observations on the unkindness of his abrupt secession. Upon a closer investigation, however, he found that Asotus, though he had too much spirit not to withdraw himself from a society whose expences he was no longer able to support, had yet too little to avoid being betrayed into those disgraceful shifts to which men of pleasure, "unable to dig, "and ashamed to beg," are sometimes tempted by ruined fortunes and relaxed principles. The pecuniary difficulties in which Asotus was involved, with the dissingenuous methods he adopted to extricate himself, were frequently the topics of conversation in the presence of Dives, who, to the remarks of others, which he heard
with

with unfeeling attention, added the taunts of ironical commiseration. It is no longer, however, that he hears of the censures of others, or heaps upon him insults of his own : he prudently reflects, that the disgraceful conduct of one, with whom he was formerly so intimate, may awaken in the minds of his companions conjectures not very favourable to himself ; he therefore wisely shuns all mention of him, and considers that man as no longer his friend, to whom the name of Asotus is not as odious as to himself. Thus ended the intimacy of which pleasure only was the cement, which, as it was begun without mutual approbation, was concluded without mutual disappointment. Asotus mourned not the loss of his acquaintance, but the dissipation of his fortune ; and Dives lamented (if at all) not the disgrace of Asotus, but that degree of discredit which would attach to himself, from having ever been his intimate. It did not once occur to him, that a change of situation might have made the fate of Asotus his own, to whose ruin he had most likely been instrumental, by provoking
ing

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ing a rivalry of expence, and encouraging the general course of his extravagance.

In the career of pleasure so many are journeying, that the accidents which impede a fellow-traveller engage little of our attention: if he falls, we smile at his awkwardness, and pass on; while the next, instead of extending his hand to assist the fallen, tramples on him, lest his own way should be impeded, and presses on with eagerness to catch a forwarder, to travel with him while his pace is rapid, and to leave him when he falters. Dives soon discovered he had many companions ready for a similar competition, to be overthrown with equal ease, and passed by with equal neglect. He proceeded, therefore, with alacrity to accomplish the ruin of those whose downfall he was prepared to insult, and by the overturning of others to prove his own stability. Such was the conduct of one neither singular in his character nor principles, who, being totally destitute of humane feelings, receives no other impressions from the contemplation of another's misfortune, than such as congratulate
K him

him on his own happiness: he hears of distress, and blesses his own sufficiency; he marks the easiness with which some give way to temptation; and approves the purity of his own conduct, which is untainted because untempted.

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N U M B E R X I V .

IT was the lot of Adrastus, in the outset of his life, to be placed in a country village, as superintendant of the parish, in the capacity of a curate. Though his imagination was not sufficiently poetic to make him fancy himself situated in Tempe or Vallombrosa, being however a man of an active mind, good humour, and good sense, he was satisfied with his station, and disposed to fulfil its duties. He might here, indeed, with a little management of his income, have been able to indulge himself in those enjoyments which some call luxury and ease, and others intemperance and idleness; but having learned, partly

from experience, and partly from books, that disease was the certain consequence of luxury, and listless disquietude of indolence, he resolved to know experimentally whether from an opposite course of life he could not derive opposite fruits. He abstained from luxury, and shook off sloth; he sacrificed to temperance, and found himself rewarded with the choicest blessings of health; he courted industry, and found a chearful mind. Without being very solicitous on the subject of œconomy, he was enabled to extend his hospitality to the stranger, and his alms to the poor. He visited his garden with the rising sun; and, when his course was over, the various employments of the day had made the prospect of rest pleasing to him. Thus his days passed free from those vexations and disappointments which attend worldly pursuits, and his nights were undisturbed by the watchfulness of care. Whether our general enemy, instigated by envy, is ever at work to overturn our happiness, or some frailty in our nature incapacitates us for happiness of any long duration, I know not;

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not; but Adrastus soon discovered that the scenes of comfort to which we are admitted are as transient as the pen of the moralist usually represents it. His pleasures were now at an end, and his tranquillity disturbed by a circumstance which to him appeared best calculated to increase and establish it. It happened that the rector of the parish was at this time taken off by a premature death; when, at the interference of all the parishioners, the living was conferred upon Adrastus. He had not, however, been long in the receipt of his emoluments, before he perceived that the same persons, to whose interposition he owed his benefice, were desirous of withholding from him those fruits of it which were his due. Adrastus was not deficient in generosity, though unwilling to submit to imposition; he would willingly have distributed in charity those possessions which he did not chuse should be withheld from him by fraud. He first remonstrated against their injustice; while they, in return, reproached him with ingratitude to his benefactors. The assiduity with which

they continued their attempts to deprive him of his rights, obliged him to be more assiduous in asserting them. Perpetual opposition produced a perpetuity of mutual ill-will ; till at length Adraustus, however easily he might have acquiesced in relinquishing his own benefits, thought himself obliged, in justice to his successor, to have recourse to the law for the establishment of his rights. His Parish, in the mean time, persisted in vexatious attacks upon his quiet, and he became irritated by opposition ; they were industrious to evade the payment of his dues, and he was scrupulous in exacting them ; they lost sight of justice, and he of his benevolence ; they, in short, became fraudulent, and he rapacious ; and that contest, which was begun that he might ascertain his right, was continued that he might oppress his opponents.

Ruined at last, in peace of mind, by perpetual enmity and unceasing hostilities, and tired of victories which produced no advantages, he withdrew himself from society. The stranger no longer shared his

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his hospitality, nor the poor his alms. Instead of enjoying the open-hearted, benevolent, and generous disposition which formerly characterized him, he became suspicious, sullen, and covetous; his regard for mankind was lost, and his attachment centered in himself. Having found deceit where he expected integrity, he concluded that virtue was no more. In such a state of mind did he suffer twenty years of his life to pass over his head, allowing himself no further intercourse with the sons of men than such as was sufficient to expedite the grand aim of his whole mind, which was now totally occupied in the accumulation of money. He dismissed his attendants, reduced the line of his expence to the mere supply of those necessaries which nature absolutely required, and practised all the arts, of which abstinence and parsimony are capable, for the purpose of augmenting the useless treasures, and gratifying the wretched pursuits, of the miser.

While Adrastus was under the dominion of this passion, he was informed that the misfortunes of a brother had reduced

him to poverty, and left a numerous family without protection or support. But the dictates of fraternal affection could not penetrate where avarice had obtained the sway. The heart of Adrastus was hardened; he was content to rebuke the imprudence of his brother, without affording him assistance; and from that moment he shrunk from all epistolary correspondence, which seemed to breathe nothing but the importunities of necessitous relations.

It pleased Providence at length, by means of a dangerous fit of sickness, which he began to fear was about to separate him from his possessions, to open the eyes of his understanding, and give him some insight into the true nature of his situation. The first paroxysms of remorse which reflection naturally produced, had now a more dangerous effect upon him than even the violence of his disorder. A strong constitution, however, and a temperate habit, baffled the united attacks of mental and corporeal disease. He was declared out of danger; and having recovered, for the first time, a little composure of mind, what

were

were his feelings when, upon looking round amongst those whom officious anxiety had induced to intrude upon his seclusion, he observed that brother to whose solicitations he had been deaf, and to whose necessities he had denied relief! The pain of mind which Adrastus now felt was such as might have brought him back again to the most dangerous point of his disorder, had he not been speedily relieved by a flood of tears; after which he was enabled to give vent to those sentiments with which his bosom now laboured. “It is with no
 “small degree,” he exclaimed, “of anguish and contrition, that I reflect upon
 “my present situation, the misery of
 “which arises from the baseness of my
 “past conduct. When my income was
 “only a fourth of what it now is, I had
 “charity for the indigent, and benevolence for all—I have now neither.
 “Twenty years are gone since I have relieved a beggar, or entertained a friend!
 “I have amassed a fortune without having
 “a wife to partake of it, or children to
 “leave it to! without having preserved
 “the

“ the affection of my relations, conciliated
 “ the good-will of my neighbours, or pur-
 “ chased the respect of any individual!
 “ How am I to bear the recollection, that
 “ for so many years I have possessed the
 “ means of happiness to myself and
 “ others, without spirit to enjoy, or ge-
 “ nerosity to disseminate them! I have
 “ been harassed with all the solitudes of
 “ poverty without being poor, and bur-
 “ thened with all the incumbrances of
 “ wealth without reaping any of its ad-
 “ vantages! Truly, indeed, may I be said
 “ to have heaped up riches in vain, which
 “ I cannot tell who shall gather! I found
 “ pleasure in society till avarice condemned
 “ me to solitude! I found compassion for
 “ the friendless, till money shut up my
 “ bowels! I worshipped my Maker with
 “ sincerity, till mammon became the idol
 “ of my soul!” The repentance which
 gave rise to these words was not like most
 of those gusts of passion which overpower
 the minds of men, violent while they
 last, yet short in their duration, and soon
 forgotten; but became a regulated system,

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by which Adrastus amended the present course of his life, and endeavoured to make atonement for the past. — He did not wait for the recovery of his health, before he took such measures as were best calculated to restore his peace of mind. He opened his doors, his purse, and his heart, to the necessities of the indigent, the claims of his relations, and the gratification of those benevolent feelings to which he had so long been a stranger. He soon resumed a chearfulness of disposition which is the inseparable attendant upon conscious rectitude; and he became once more the same Adrastus whom nature originally formed, the friend of others and of himself.

Upon a review of his life, Adrastus discovers that he has more reason to reflect on that day with thankfulness and satisfaction, when the visitation of sickness threatened him with dissolution, than on that which seemed to realize the prospects of his happiness, by increasing the sum of his possessions.

NUM.

N U M B E R X V.

Utrum horum mavis—

CAIUS and Titius are two philosophers, each leading a different sect, and each congratulating himself upon the accuracy with which he philosophizes on common events. If we have a fine day in December, Titius thinks it unseasonable, and, shrugging up his shoulders, is afraid we shall pay for it in the spring; while Caius meets a storm in May, and comforts himself in his calculations that the odds are favourable to its being fine to-morrow. Carry an article of news to Titius; if bad, he tells you he expected it; and, if good, he cannot

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cannot be satisfied till he has assured you its consequences must be destructive. If our troops are victorious, it is only by a feint of the enemy, who have compounded for a small defeat, in order to repay themselves by a tenfold advantage. If our army is beaten, he plainly demonstrates to you that the event was the natural consequence of a bad arrangement in the General, and that more such evils are reasonably to be expected. If his friend has been presented to a living, Titius concludes he will fill his house with children, and be miserable for ever; or if any good fortune should befall him, which seems for a moment to exclude the probable return of misery, Titius, as if he grudged him the enjoyment of a momentary delusion, is careful to warn him that the votaries of Fortune are deceived, and blind as the power they worship, and her gifts as they are bestowed without security for their continuance, so they depart without notice of their flight. With Caius it is exactly the reverse of all this. He is gifted not so much with foresight as with presence of mind. He does not descry
misfortune

misfortune at a distance, but grapples with it when at hand. When Fortune proves propitious to him, he takes every proper advantage of her disposition, neither totally disregarding the offers of her friendship, nor too much confiding in the duration of her attachment. When the goddess thinks proper to turn a frowning aspect upon him, he does not, like a despairing lover, but like a reasonable one; having experienced the fickleness of his mistress, he reflects that the same caprice which now robs him of her smiles will at a future season bring them back again. Caius is thus prevented from being miserable, though in the midst of distress, by the hopes of something good; and Titius, though surrounded with the goods of Fortune, is prevented from being happy by the dread of something evil. The spirit of Caius cannot be vanquished by misfortune, nor the gloom of Titius be enlivened by success. Caius ridicules the gravity of Titius, and Titius censures the levity of Caius. Titius professes to understand the theory of political philosophy, and Caius certainly is acquainted

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quainted with the practice of it. The difference of disposition which characterizes these gentlemen reminds me of two very common Greek epigrams, written by different authors, upon the same subject, of which the following translation will give the reader an imperfect idea.

By POSIDIPPUS.

Where shalt thou fix thy choice of life? Beware!
Without doors trouble dwells; within doors, care.
Love you the country? 'tis a drudge: the sea?
'Tis dangerous. Abroad, your liberty
Bastilles alarm. Must you needs have a wife?
Then care is yours that ends not but with life.
Have you no wife? Live scorned and alone,
Your joys confin'd, and all your griefs your own.
The fire unblest his vicious sons declare;
And yet thrice curst the name that wants an heir.
Folly the badge of heedless youth appears;
And weakness is the portion of grey hairs.
Then this were best: or ne'er to have been born;
Or life should end, when just it 'gan to dawn.

By METRODORUS.

Happy whate'er your choice of life! Go, roam,
Honour shall meet thee, peace attend thee home.
The country nature's grace adorns; the sea
Shall ever yield thee wealth and luxury.
Does travel please thee? Quit thy native shore,
Thy prudent wisdom shall increase her store.

Have

Have you a wife? True joy attends each day:
Still frolic if you've none, and still be gay.
Fathers are blest; the childless know no cares;
Strength is the badge of youth; respect of years.
Then think't not best, or ne'er to have been born,
Or early death; nor life's just pleasures scorn.

The number of followers attached to each of these sects is by no means inconsiderable; of whom it is observable, that the disciples of Titius more abound in the goods of fortune than those of Caius. A certain despondency of mind, by which the former are characterized, leads them to be for ever fortifying against adversity, as if misfortune were ever at hand; while the same principle casts a gloom over all their enjoyments, and incapacitates them for any cordial gratification. A degree of levity, which is the characteristic of the latter, while it prevents the anticipation of calamity, neglects at the same time to guard against its approach. But as of misfortune the expectation is generally more acutely felt than the presence, they may be considered as more fortunate who encounter it without being jaded with tiresome
2 expectation,

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expectation, than they who have looked forward to its attack with unceasing anxiety, who have foreseen the destructive issue of the battle from their own pusillanimity, and are ready to resign the victory before they engage in the contest.

It may, I believe, with justice be said, that every man is, in some degree, a follower of one of these philosophers. The mind of every man has a propensity to view the scenes and circumstances of life through the medium of general chearfulness or general discontent; which propensity is implanted in some by nature, and in others generated by habit. This produces that difference of conduct in different people under the same circumstances. Those difficulties which overwhelm the mind of one with despondency, add vigour to the operations of another; the strokes of adverse fortune which benumb the powers of the sullen and discontented, give an additional spring to the activity of the chearful. Chearfulness, though interrupted for a time by the contemplation of melancholy objects, or alarmed by the appearance of

L approaching

approaching calamity, is ever fertile in expedients for its own support. Like Antæus, it rises from every overthrow with new hopes and new powers; or, like the Hydra, from the destruction of each single source of life it supplies two more, nor is it at length to be vanquished but by the præternatural strength and repeated attacks of Hercules himself. Such is the virtue of cheerfulness; but the desponding mind affords an easy conquest to adversity. The weight of real misfortune is too great an additional burthen for him to bear who is already sinking under imaginary distresses, whose mind seems, with fondness, to present to him every disadvantage of his situation, and as carefully to conceal from him the existence of his powers and the limits of his capacity.

N U M.

N U M B E R X V I.

Stat nominis umbra. **LUCAN.**

AN author encounters no difficulty so great as that of restraining his pen within the bounds of moderation, when he is discussing any subject which his interest or his inclination induces him to consider as a favourite one. The advertisement of the *Peruquier*, when he solicits our attention to the perpetual buckle of his bob-majors, promises to cloath our bald pates with the auburn locks of the ever-blooming Apollo; the quack demonstrates to us, that he cures the incurable, reinstates old

age in the vigour of youth, and triumphs over Death in all his shapes; and an author claims his share of absurdity, when, exhibiting in his canvas the portrait of his patron, he makes a Duke of Marlborough out of honest Tom Styles.

When an author, however, ventures upon the public in search of literary fame, unsupported by the name of some illustrious personage, he commits as violent an outrage upon consistency of character, as a knight-errant who should presume to sally forth in quest of adventures uninspired by the name of his mistress. The fruits of the Mantuan muse would not have ripened to perfection, but for the sunshine of Augustus's court. The knight of La Mancha would not have ventured to assault the windmills but in the name of Dulcinea del Toboso. To the author, the name of his patron is meat, drink, and lodging; while that of his mistress is to the knight, his sword and his shield, his courage and his defence. Such is the etiquette of chivalry and authorship, that the knight cannot be too extravagant in commendation of his princess;

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princess; nor can the author be too lavish of panegyric on his patron. The former must set danger at nought, and consider his life as nobly sacrificed in the defence of an eye-brow; while the latter is bound by all the obligations of his trade to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to truth, and generously uphold the reputation of another by the downfall of his own.

As I am entitled to no privilege which will justly exempt me from acquiescing in the common forms and ceremonies of an author, I shall proceed to give my readers some insight into the character, situation, and qualities of that person whom fortune has made my patron. The only indulgence I shall require, beyond what has usually been extended to my predecessors, is, that I may be excused, if I confine my narrative within the bounds of simple truth, neither transferring from the pages of history declamatory panegyrics suited to heroes of every age, order, and dimension; nor ransacking those of morality for a cluster of virtues which never fell to the lot of any one man. Should I, however, still ap-

pear to any less discerning reader as too partial to the virtues of my hero, I beg leave to assure him he must attribute the warmth of my colouring rather to gratitude than adulation. He must consider what I am about to say rather as in acknowledgement of benefits already received, than in expectation of those to come, since my patron has prevented my expectation, and secured my gratitude, by putting me in possession of a liberal competence, to the benefit of myself and my heirs for ever.

I know not how to acquaint my readers more thoroughly with the advantages of his person than by placing before them that passage of Virgil which describes Æneas as attired by Venus, in order to captivate the queen of Carthage :

Restitit Æneas, clarâque in luce refulsit,
Os humerosque Deo similis, namque ipsa decoram
Cæsariem nato Genetrix lumenque juventæ
Purpureum & lætos oculis afflarat honores.

These excellent lines give so perfect a description of the gentleman I am alluding to, that I never read them without
their

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their presenting to my imagination a lively image of him.

The advantages of high birth and an extended train of ancestry, as they are extrinsic and accidental, I shall not much insist upon; being the goods of fortune, in the opinion of a philosopher they convey no celebrity. Yet it may not be thought quite foreign from my purpose if I observe, that the pedigree of my friend is to be deduced with clearness from beyond that point where the researches of a Welch herald with all his *aps*, from Ap Owen to Apollo, are overwhelmed with darkness and confusion. Without looking far back into the records of remotest antiquity to trace his genealogy, I find the family name, with all its privileges and immunities, usurped by Ulysses, in his return from the destruction of Troy. That arch impostor, when retiring with some precipitation from the cave of Polypheme, whom by stratagem he had deprived of sight, imposed upon the credulity of the giant by assuming a name and title to which he had not the smallest shadow of a right; thus

ignobly was he content to shift that vengeance from himself which he intended should fall upon one whom he had never even seen. Instead of degrading the name of my illustrious patron by inserting it in this my humble page, as is usual with many dedicators, I shall refer my readers to the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssæy*, where his name and the names of all those are fairly and openly set down, who were concerned in the transaction I just now mentioned.

That I may shew the strict regard to impartiality with which these my researches are conducted, and that their end is not so much to aggrandize my subject as to discover truth, I cannot forbear to note the following circumstance, which, I hope, will prove an useful lesson to those genealogists who are careful to cram their parchments with earls, barons, &c. to the total neglect and exclusion of those unfortunate sprouts of the family who may have been starved to death in a parish work-house, or hanged for a highway robbery. From certain documents of undoubted

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doubted veracity, I learn this fact, which the historians of the day have one and all passed over in silence. In the year 1713, when Louis the Fourteenth was on the throne of France, a necessitous chevalier of the same name with my patron, and from whom it appears he is lineally descended, suffered death upon the wheel, for offering that prince a dose of poison. I am at a loss to conjecture what political reason could induce every historian to pass over this circumstance without notice; for it is not easy to believe they were all ignorant of it. I am content, however, to vouch for the truth of it, by risqueing all my credit with the publick upon its authenticity.

I come now to mention those accomplishments which place my patron in a rank above all other men, whether we consider his virtues as ornamental to himself, or useful to the publick. He has arrived at that pitch of human happiness which Horace, * with his usual accuracy, has placed

* "Qui sit Macenas, ut nemo quem sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit illi,
Contentus vivat."

HOR.

beyond

beyond the compass of human abilities. "He is content with his situation." He sees all the advantages of the station in which Providence has placed him, and shews his gratitude by making the best use of them; he neither envies the wise their knowledge, the rich their wealth, the powerful their honours, nor the happy their felicity. In the management of his fortune, his munificence keeps pace with his other qualities, and appears as natural to him as if it were given him with his birth, instead of being dictated by a principle of virtue. Indeed, this generosity has ever been the peculiar ornament of his family. Whatever stories may have been circulated about the penury of Rowe, which has been said by some to have been the occasion of his death, I can prove to a demonstration, that he derived a sufficient maintenance from the bounty of a gentleman, whose descendant I now celebrate, and to whom I am under the same obligation. I could, in the same manner, answer those stories which have been so industriously fabricated concerning the unfortunate Chatterton; but I am cautious of offending

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offending the delicacy of one who cannot hear his own praises without real pain. I will not, however, deny myself the satisfaction of giving the publick one instance, among many, of that generosity which I have here hinted at. In the parish where I live, there are many poor families, who, a few years ago, had not a rag to cover them; they are now, however, so abundantly supplied with that article by the charity of my friend, as to be covered with them from head to foot. What adds a lustre to these acts of benevolence is, that nobody appears to be the author of them. Thus he is content to perform his duty, without seeking for a reward in the applause of his neighbours.

Let me now mention some of his attainments, in which I am confident I shall not appear extravagant to any person who is thoroughly acquainted with the subject of my commendations. In his literary character he combines such a store of knowledge as, were it divided between all the scholars of the day, would furnish an ample provision for each, and leave them the

the same share of celebrity which they now enjoy. As a poet, he has written more verses than Lopez de Vega; as a satirist, he has ridiculed the vicious absurdities of mankind with more success than Horace; and, as a moralist, he has excelled Johnson. It is not a little remarkable, that the same person should have painted better pictures than Sir Joshua Reynolds, and given better specimens of his knowledge in the principles of mechanism than Archimedes himself. But here, to use an expression current among painters, “*manum de tabulâ*,” I shall desist from any further attempts to make my portrait more like its original, or to ornament it with any further flourishes of the brush. Whether I have been so fortunate as to hit off a likeness which at first sight strikes the spectators, or whether they are lost in conjecture, now guessing that it was intended for this, and now for that person, I shall leave them to the enjoyment of their own opinions, and abide by my resolution to name the name of nobody.

Οὐτις ἐμοὶ γ' ὀνομ' ἐστ', Οὐτὶν δὲ με κικλησκουσιν
Μήτηρ ἤδε πατήρ ἢ δ' ἄλλοι πάντες εταῖροι. HOM.

N U M.

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NUMBER XVII.

In eo continetur quicquid sit aut voluptati legere, aut
cultui legisse, aut usui meminisse.

AUL. GELL. de HOMERO.

THERE are few subjects which have
given such ample scope to the la-
bours of commentators, expositors, pane-
gyrists, and critics of every denomination,
as the works of our immortal poet Shake-
speare. Still, however, the interpretation
of many passages is disputed, still many
things remain to be explained; many of
his beauties have missed their deserved
share of praise; and many difficulties are
found which have baffled the labours of
criticism, and daunted the audacity of
conjecture. The genius of Shakespeare is
a sort

a sort of Proteus, now giving visibility to immaterial agents, and now cloathing with suitable functions the whimsical creatures of his fancy. It one while "breaks the cearments of the tomb," and at another calls forth its ministers from the uninhabited regions of the air *. It now becomes a woman †, destitute of every quality of her sex, yet neither irreconcilable to consistency, nor shocking to our reason; and now a ‡ buffoon, whose very absurdities beget our esteem, and who ostentatiously displays his vices without incurring our hatred. In contemplating the character of Lear, we are alternately under the dominion of pathos and sublimity, now exalted by the splendour of sentiment, and now depressed by the tenderest emotions of compassion.

So versatile are the powers of this extraordinary writer, that while others have laboured to attain to a partial degree of perfection, he seems with ease to have arrived at universal excellence. Other dramatists have exhausted their faculties in

* As in the Tempest. † Lady Macbeth. ‡ Falstaff,
delineating

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delineating a few or a limited number of characters; while he has produced all Nature upon the stage, and, as if she were too scanty in furnishing subjects for his muse, has supplied, from his own imagination, a * progeny, which, though Nature disowns, we readily adopt. Others have sacrificed to Thalia or Melpomene, and been content with the favours of one, while he appears to have been equally the favourite of the comic and the tragic muse. Every quality of the human mind, in every extreme, has been portrayed by his pencil. In the cowardice of Parolles we see the lowest pitch of meanness, and in the spirit of Hotspur the extreme of intemperate courage. He now diverts us with the coxcomical pleasantry of Jacques, and now exhibits the manly graces of Harry the Fifth. He now shews the boundless extravagance of Timon, and now the parsimonious thrift of Shylock. In short, every department of life has found a place in his canvas, from the splendid scenes of

* The characters in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Puck*, *Moonshine*, &c.

Henry the Eighth and the ambitious Cardinal, to the mock majesty of Jack Cade and his riotous followers; and all this he has accomplished with no other assistance than the book of Nature, neither, like Milton, transferring into his page the well-chosen beauties of Greece and Rome, nor, like Ben Jonson, deforming it with the ill-sorted patch-work of pedantic learning. From these resources it was the fate of Shakspeare to be excluded. Nor does this appear an unfortunate circumstance to those who consider that, had he been acquainted with the writings of the Stagirite, the flights of his muse might have been confined by the trammels of Aristotelian discipline; and had he been conversant with the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, from his present occasional similarity to those poets, there is reason to believe he might frequently have become a copyist where he is now original, and sometimes have depended upon the labours of others, to answer those purposes which are now effected by his own industry.

I know

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I know not that it has been the professed design of any editor of Shakespeare, in his journey through the volumes of his author, to point out those particular passages which bear a resemblance to the ancients so striking as to appear a close imitation of them, and yet which are, we know, the suggestions of a kindred genius, thinking upon similar subjects, and sometimes unavoidably betrayed into a similarity of expression. Were the attention of any future publisher of his works directed to this purpose, it might tend to illustrate the truth of an observation which carries with it a seeming paradox, namely, that where Shakespeare most appears to profit by the labours of others, he there most proves the existence of his own powers. I shall finish this paper with noticing a few of those passages wherein our poet seems more particularly to tread in the footsteps of the ancients, without derogating from his claims to universal originality.

At the opening of the conversation which takes place between Hamlet and

M

Horatio,

Horatio, the former utters this brief but comprehensive and energetic eulogy to the memory of his father

“ He was a man, take him for all in all

“ *I shall not look upon his like again.*”

So in the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, Hylus, after having described the manner of his father's sufferings, and reproached Deianira as the cause of them, concludes a long speech with the same simple but powerful terms,

Παυτων αριστον ανδρα των επι χθονι

Κτενας 'ΟΠΟΙΟΝ ΑΛΛΟΝ ΟΥΚ ΟΥΕΙ
ΠΟΤΕ.

L. 822.

In the first few lines of Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy, which begins with the words “ To be, or not to be,” a resemblance may be traced to a speech of Ajax, in which he seems to be debating the same point with himself; the passage, however, is not so strikingly similar as to require transcribing. I shall refer the reader to line 475, &c. of the *Ajax* of Sophocles. When the mother of Hamlet

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is lamenting over the dead body of Ophelia, she says with great feeling—

“ I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

“ And not have strew'd thy grave—

Thus Lucretius, to heighten the regret with which we contemplate the sacrifice of Clytemnæstra, tells us that she died “ nubendi tempore in ipso.” And one of the Greek tragedians laments her as
ακλαυτος, αφίλος, ανυμεναιος.

In the second part of Henry the Sixth, Queen Margaret calling for her fan gives the Duchess of Gloucester a box on the ear, and at the same time, half correcting herself, she adds, “ I cry you mercy, Madam, was it you?” To which the indignant Duchess immediately replies, “ Was't I! yea, I it was, proud *French woman.*” this is precisely the same as the “ *Μακεδων ανηρ*” which Demosthenes contemptuously applied to King Philip, and which Horace has somewhat feebly translated “ *Vir Macedo.*” King Lear, in the agonies of distress, with a degree of pathos which is irresistible, exclaims, “ They shall not see

me weep." This idea, which I do not remember to have seen in any of our dramatists except Shakespeare, is very frequently expressed by the ancients*. In the same spirit, Ajax laments that his enemies will be the witnesses of his misfortunes: *ω μοι γελωτος, οιον υβρισθην αρα*—L. 368. *αιας μας** Soph. The same idea is touched upon in a former part of this play "*Ουκ᾽εν γελως η̃δισος εις εχθρους γελαν*" L. 79. So likewise in the *Ædipus Coloneus*, *γελως δ' εμω ξενω γενωμαι τωδε χειρω θεις βιαι*. L. 896.

In the Portia of Shakespeare, and Hotspur's wife, the learned reader will, I think, discover that they owe their origin to the same class of genius as gave birth to the Tecmessa of Sophocles. Nor does the character of Lady Macbeth, in its outlines, bear a less forcible resemblance to the Medea of Euripides. There is one particular speech of Lady Macbeth, which must remind every one of those frequent pathetic exclamations which Euripides puts into

* It has not passed unnoticed by Milton, who uses it with great force.

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the mouth of his heroine; exclamations which force their way even through her ferocity of disposition, and shew that, however the temper of the female mind may be warped by the violence of passion, it cannot entirely divest itself of that tenderness which is its peculiar characteristic. Just at the time when Lady Macbeth appears to have summoned all her courage, when she declares that "what had made them drunk had made her bold, what had quench'd them had given her fire," a thought occurs to her, which for the moment overpowers all her fortitude, and makes way for the genuine workings of nature.—

" I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them; *had he not resembled*
My father as he slept, I had don't."

The whimsical comparison of Jacques, in which he likens the world to a stage, is to be met with in a Greek epigram, I think, of Pollianus; it begins with *Ἐπεὶ ὅλος ὁ βίος*, of which Shakespeare's words are a literal translation, "All the world's a stage."

N U M B E R XVIII.

Ἰσοὶ γυναικῶν ἐργα καὶ ἐκκλησίαι. GR. PROV.

IT must appear a just cause of complaint to females of a reasonable capacity, and a moderate share of reflection, that all those writers who have thought proper to become panegyrist of their sex have confined themselves to the celebration of their personal accomplishments, without descending to enumerate the catalogue of their mental ones. Most, indeed, of those compositions which seem at all calculated to display the qualifications of the fair-sex, are the whinings of some despairing lover, or the tumultuous effusions of some riotous bac-

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bacchanalian. On the other hand, the pages of those authors, who have uniformly held the most distinguished places in the ranks of literature, are frequently polluted with sentiments tending to excite a contempt for female understanding, and painting them rather as the evils of life, than as the ornaments and support of it.

The Greeks, so celebrated for having furnished the world with examples of perfection in every virtue, art, or science, that could benefit or adorn mankind, have left us a proof that their national policy was not without errors; nor their national disposition without those blemishes, some of which characterize mankind, and some distinguish a particular people. The political system of the Greeks extended its dominion over their women in so rigorous a degree, that it would be difficult to convey to the mind of an English reader any adequate idea of the abject state of slavery to which they were reduced. The public assemblies were principally confined to the presence of the men; and in their own houses the women seem to have had little

other employment than to execute the commands of their husbands. They appear to have been considered as too trifling to be engaged in business, and too volatile to be entrusted with pleasure: their personal attractions could derive no assistance from the graces, and their minds were uncultivated by literature. Thus, while the Greeks spoke (as they frequently did) slightly, or even contemptuously of their women, censuring the deficiencies of their understanding, or ridiculing the limited strength of their intellectual faculties, they ought to have remembered that they themselves created the darkness where they regretted the absence of light, and carefully monopolized all those advantages which they complained others were not possessed of. For the education of the Grecian women, it does not appear that any other provision was made, than such as might reconcile them to their miserable condition, by employing them in the works of the loom. The young men were at the same time blessed with every advantage that the study of arts or
arms

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arms could give them : every hour in the day brought a different train of disciples to the school of a different master ; they left the exercise of the gymnasium to hear philosophy in the portico of the Stoics ; they quitted the manly tumults of the discus, the wrestling-match, and the race, to converse with wisdom in the groves of Academus. The Greek poets have been particularly attentive, throughout all their works, to remark to us the inferiority of their women, reproaching them with ignorance whom they prevented from being wise, and ridiculing the narrowness of their capacities, which were confined within limits prescribed by those who ridiculed them. From this confinement chance seems to have emancipated a few, and the uncontrollable powers of genius a few more. The philosopher sometimes imparted knowledge to his family, and nature sometimes asserted the independence of her rights in giving birth to the Poetess. A few instances of this sort are faithfully treasured up in their histories, where they appear to be considered as curiosities valuable

luable from their scarcity rather than their excellence.

The disposition of Euripides, we are told, was soured by a succession of scolding wives, upon whom he has thought proper to revenge himself by condemning the whole sex. Every page of his works contains some sentiment which insinuates the weakness of their understandings or the strength of their passions; and he seems to have written his play of *Medea*, in a great measure, with intent to shew us to what pitch of extravagance the female mind is capable of being transported by the violence of passion.

“*Furens quid fœmina possit!*”

The crime of Euripides is, however, by no means singular: the same accusation as is here brought against him may be extended, with nearly the same justice, to the other Poets of the Greeks. *Æschylus* sometimes descended from his sublimity; and *Sophocles* sometimes forgot his tenderness; either to gratify the prejudices of
of

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of their country men, or perhaps in conformity to those erroneous opinions of their own, which were produced by their mode of education, and confirmed by their national habits.

The sarcasms of Aristophanes will not be much complained of, as the censures of an evil tongue are the usual tributes received by every species of excellence: but the pages of the elegant-minded Menander, if submitted to the inspection of a jury of matrons, would, I believe, be considered, equally with those of Euripides, as libellous and defamatory. Were it not proved to us by undoubted authority, it would be difficult to believe that the following sentiment could have proceeded from the pen of an author, who shone without a rival among the Greeks, and was considered as the model of excellence by the Romans. Menander, speaking of woman, has these words,

ΕΙΣΙ ΤΙ

Αγαθόν ἀπ' αὐτῆς; παῖδες. ἔλθοντ' εἰς νοστον.

Τὸν ἔχοντα τοαυτὴν ἐθεράπευσεν ἐπιμαλῶς.

“ This

“ This good is in woman ; she produces children ;
 “ and, if her husband be sick, she nurses him
 “ carefully.”

This celebrated writer does not, like most of his countrymen, pour gross and licentious abuse upon the other sex ; but insults them with insinuations little less mischievous than the most open and declared attack. Instead of censuring, as some poets have presumed, the garrulity of women, he recommends to them the ornaments of silence.

Θυγάτηρ επιγαίμος καὶν ὅλως μὴδὲν λαλῇ,
 Διὰ τὴ σιωπᾶν πλεῖστον περὶ αὐτῆς λαλεῖ.

“ The marriageable nymph, though she should
 “ not speak at all, would by her silence most de-
 “ clare her own praise.”

This reminds us of the surly reproof with which Ajax silences the anxious and affectionate enquiries of a wife ; “ γυναι γυναιξί
 “ κόσμον ἢ σιγα φερεῖ.” “ Silence is the ornament of women.” Soph. When the compositions of their best poets teemed with
 scur-

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scurrilities of this nature, it is not surprising that their inferior bards should have fallen into similar improprieties. It is not unusual to admire excellence, and copy deformity.

He who reads the *γρᾶμαι* of Simonides, cannot but notice that that author has written above an hundred lines of the grossest abuse against women, and about a dozen of frigid compliment. The dull catalogue of Apothegms from Philemon the Syracusan, the sentiments of Naumachius, and the comparisons of Phocyllides, are intended to inform us that women are an inferior order of beings; to insist upon the necessity of their implicit obedience; and to demonstrate that the qualities of their composition are below human nature.

But of this offensive article in the policy of the Greeks enough has been said, nor could any thing give them the smallest claim to our forgiveness, but their being in all other respects, whether we consider the perfection of their arts and sciences, the state of their literature, or the proofs
of

of their national courage, the most distinguished people in the world.

The constitution of the Roman state was calculated to display their women to much greater advantage. They were neither harassed with invectives by their writers, nor despoiled of their just privileges by their politicians: while they continued virtuous, they were sure of being received with honour by the publick, and attended to with respect in their own houses. It was so far from being the custom of their nation to calumniate the sex, that I at present recollect but one instance wherein a poet has thought proper to indulge himself in licentious satire against them. Among the fragments of Publius Syrus, we find, "Aut amat aut odit mulier." "A woman has no moderation, she either loves or hates." and "Mulier, quum sola cogitat, male cogitat." "A woman, when she thinks alone, thinks evil." While their system of policy so differed in this particular from that of the Greeks, it could scarcely fail of producing different effects. The Roman history furnishes

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nishes many instances of the magnanimity, politeness, and literature, of their women; to whom the republick was first indebted for the preservation of its capitol, and afterwards for the perfection of its language. By the interposition of Valeria and Volumnia, they were rescued from that destruction into which the ingratitude of their citizens had betrayed them by the banishment of Coriolanus; and Cicero acknowledges, that he owes the polish of his language to his intercourse with the females of a noble Roman family. Thus the Grecian and Roman ladies have made a figure in history, according as their own accomplishments challenged celebrity, or the customs of their country gave them rank and precedence. Among the Greeks we find that one woman excelled in philosophy, another in poetry, and a third in politicks; but the general body of that sex is no otherwise noticed by their writers, than to insult the dependence of their situations, or to expose the failings of their minds. With the Roman ladies it was very different: the laws of their country secured

secured to them the possession of just privileges, to which the Grecian women were strangers; they were protected by the decrees of their legislature, instead of being oppressed by its injustice; they were complimented by the gallantry of their poets, instead of being insulted by their petulance; they were mentioned with respect by their historians, instead of being passed over with neglectful silence, or persecuted with opprobrious calumnies.

NUMBER XIX.

SUCH were the disadvantages under which the Grecian women laboured, or at least those women who ought to have ornamented the most flourishing state of Greece, Athens. The Spartans, indeed, pursued a different plan of education: they granted a licence to their women, as extensive as the confinement imposed by Athenian husbands was rigorous. While the states of Athens and Sparta thus differed in that branch of government which affected their women, their difference was found to be not so much a distinction between right and wrong, as an opposition of errors: the Athenians pur-
N
fued

sued one extreme, and the Spartans another, equally wandering from the point of propriety, and alike destructive in their consequences. The Athenian women seem to have been marked by cold and reserved dispositions, scanty accomplishments, and narrow minds; and these, indeed, are the natural effects of that habitual suspicion by which they were watched, that cloud of ignorance in which they were so carefully enveloped, and the confinement to which they were condemned. From the testimony of Aristophanes we learn, that husbands were accustomed to ensure the fidelity of their wives, by keeping mastiffs, and setting up scarecrows, to drive away intrusive suitors :

“ *Ταῖς γυναῖκεσσιν
Σφραγίδας ἐπιβάλλουσιν ἤδη καὶ μοχλῆς
Τηρῶντες ἡμᾶς, καὶ προσέτι Μολοτικὰς
Τρεφῶσι μορμολυκεῖαι τοῖς μοιχοῖς κύναις.* ”

But strictly us poor women they confine,
Within our chambers, under lock and key,
Make use of mastiffs, goblins, any thing,
That may adulterers fright.

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And, in a passage of Menander, a married woman is censured for transgressing the bounds of propriety, by being seen beyond the threshold of the hall door. Of Athenian despotism, some of their words will convey a pretty clear idea. To signify a wife they used the word *δαμω*, the literal meaning of which is a captive taken in war. When a divorce took place, the husband was said *αποτεμπειν* to dismiss, the wife *απολειπειν* to leave. Their proverbs, which are without number, insist upon the duty of wives to stay at home; and the artist Phidias invented an emblem to inculcate the same lesson, representing Venus standing upon a tortoise, which carries its house upon its back *.

The small number of the Athenian women, who are at all celebrated for their literary accomplishments, are generally in an equal degree distinguished by the de-

* For a more accurate and ample account of the Greek customs, the reader is referred to Potter's Antiquities of Greece, from which the observations of the last page are in a great measure taken.

pravity of their morals. Lest, however, it should appear that learning produced a relaxation of morality, we must remember that they were licentious before they became learned, and addicted themselves to literature, that they might have a more powerful sway over the affections of the other sex. Thus the female allurements, which are supplied by the culture of the mind, were confined to those whose situation in life gave them little respectability, and only by them were cultivated in order to deck vice in more bewitching attire.

Widely different from this was the spirit of the Spartan women : instead of assuming a coldness and reserve, they shook off the incumbrances of decorum ; and, as the laws of Lycurgus prescribed, they set themselves deliberately to stir up those passions which other lawgivers endeavour to overcome, to gratify those inclinations which other laws are calculated to restrain. Instead of scanty accomplishments, and narrow minds, it was part of their duty to inflame the minds of their youth by the dance and the song, and to excite a military ardour in them by precepts instilling a contempt

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contempt of death, and thirst for military glory. The Spartan mother was well satisfied to purchase the honour of the family, or the benefit of her country, by the death of her son, which she preferred to his dishonourably prolonging his life: she was equally ready to welcome with praises and honours the return of the soldier who had distinguished himself in battle, or to harass with unremitted persecution that life which had been preserved by cowardice. They had thus a double tie upon the good behaviour of their soldiery, who were inspired with courage in hopes of having their praises sung by the women; and less afraid to meet with death in the field, than the fury of a female mob at home. Women, who could contribute thus much to the preservation of a state which existed by its warlike operation, and who could thus sacrifice their natural feelings to their zeal for the honour of their country, cannot justly be said to have had scanty accomplishments or narrow minds. They may with more propriety be described, as I believe the Greeks describe the furies,

φοβερῶν πληθομέναι χάριτων, "full of the terrible graces."

From contemplating the ladies of antiquity, and the rank they maintained in the different states of Athens, Sparta, and Rome, it would prove a good subject of amusement to contrast with the rigid discipline exercised upon the Athenian ladies, the indulgences allowed to our own; with their slender accomplishments, our general female information; to confront the indecorous levities of the Spartan women with the decencies and the virtues observed at home; and the ceremonious respect obtained by the Roman matrons, with the less formal compliments which satisfy the ladies of Great Britain,

NUM.

N U M B E R XX.

THE most accomplished among the Athenian women, concerning whom we have any certain and particular information, was Lamia the Courtezan. With a mind elegant, voluptuous, capricious, and extravagant, she became, after experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune, not unusually incidental to her profession, the favourite mistress of the soldier Demetrius, who, from his skill in the art of war, his bravery, and his success, was surnamed Poliorcetes, or the besieger of cities. The attachment of Demetrius, and the use she was disposed to make of his generosity towards her, may be guessed

at by a letter, which is preserved among the epistles of Alciphron the Rhetorician, addressed by Lamia to Demetrius. A translation of this letter I shall introduce, serving that, except Alciphron, there is no Greek author equally ancient and authentic from whom we can procure any minute and interesting detail of particulars relative to the customs, manners, and dispositions, of his countrymen.

LAMIA to DEMETRIUS.

“ If I take an unbecoming liberty, my lord, you must blame yourself. You, who are a King, permit a courtesan to write to you, and do not disdain to receive her letters, who is herself wholly yours. Indeed, my sovereign, when I see you in the field, when I hear you in the midst of your guards, surrounded by foreign ministers, and the insignia of your splendid rank, I swear by Venus I tremble with agitation and alarm : I turn from you as from the Sun, at which I am unable to gaze ; then you are indeed the great, the mighty, the terrible,

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terrible, Demetrius, the stormer of castles and of cities: awed by the severity of your aspect, I distrust on such occasions the reality of our present connection; I whisper to myself, 'Lamia, is this the man who passes with you many a long hour of delight and love? in whose presence you consume the festive night with the song and the dance? Can this be he who writes to you, and prefers you to the voluptuous Gnathæna?' Then again I am silent, and can only indulge the secret wish of seeing you at my apartments. When that delightful moment arrives, when you press me with transport to your bosom, how opposite is the tenor of my sentiments! I cannot then forbear exclaiming, 'Is this the mighty warrior, at whose frown Macedonia, and Greece, and Thrace, tremble! By the powers of Love, he shall find, that nothing can avail him against the influence of my charms and melody *.' Three days hence, my Lord, I entreat your company at a

* Amongst other various accomplishments, Lamæa was celebrated for her musical talents.

banquet;

banquet; it is the time appointed for the solemnities which I annually perform in honour of Venus; it is my wish and care that every succeeding festival surpass the preceding. I promise you delicious entertainment, and every thing consistent with the honourable occasion: the means of doing this you will have the goodness to supply. You must do me the justice to acknowledge, that, since the sacred moment of our connection, I have never abused your confidence, although you have never placed any restrictions on my conduct. No, my Lord, Lamia will never follow the example of her profession; you shall never accuse me of falshood; though, to be ingenuous, the fear of your displeasure, since your partiality for me has been publickly avowed, releases me from the importunity of lovers. Love, my King, is alike rapid in his approach and his departure. The lover who expects is winged with desire; while he, from whom enjoyment has taken away expectation, is accustomed to drop his wing. It is therefore common with females of our profession

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sion artfully to defer the gratification of their lovers' wishes. By these means they bind them more closely in their chains. Far be it from me to think of practising such arts upon Demetrius, your character and rank inspire too profound a veneration: but a courtesan, with a view of keeping alive that passion which would otherwise so soon decay, must often have recourse to artifice. Sometimes she feigns indisposition, sometimes she appears in splendour, gives public entertainments. By these means her admirer, constantly fearing some new interruption to his hopes, is made an easy victim of her power, and kept in continual solicitude. With others I, my Lord, might myself practise these or similar artifices; but to you, who so distinguish me by your affection, who seem proud of my favours, and prefer me to every other mistress, by the beloved muses I swear, I could not sustain such deceit, or base ingratitude: nor would the loss of influence, or of life itself, affect me, should I by suffering become the instrument of your happiness. I well know the festival which I meditate

will

will not be confined to the house of Therapis, where it will be celebrated; it will be universally notorious, it will be talked of in Athens, and circulated through Greece. The Lacedæmonians in particular, hateful as they are, and marked by their hypocrisy, will make their mountains and solitary caverns resound with the pretended infamy of my convivial festival; they will quote the severity of their Lycurgus, in opposition to your more polished manners: but peace be with them, my Lord. Do you remember the appointed day: choose your own hour, and that shall be the best which you fix upon.—Farewell.”

The above translation from Alciphron I copied from the common-place-book of a friend, with his permission. Of the entertaining author I shall forbear to say any more; they who are disposed from this specimen to wish for any farther acquaintance with them, will have an opportunity of examining his merits, as he will soon be introduced to them in a complete English dress. In order, however, to illustrate an observation which I before made, that those
ladies

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ladies among the Greeks, who were most distinguished for their eloquence, were, for the most part, of the same class with Lamia, I shall subjoin, for the sake of the contrast, two other epistles from Alciphron, one of which is addressed by an imperious husband to his wife, complaining of her inclination to gadding; the other from an homely spouse to her husband, reproaching him with inconstancy.

CYMOTHUS to his WIFE TRITONIS.

“As much as the sea differs from dry land, so much do we fishermen differ from those who live in towns and villages: they, indeed, staying at home, conduct the affairs of the state; or, employed in agriculture, attend to the fruits of the earth for their subsistence; but to us, who live upon the water, the land is death, as it is to the fish, who are unable to breathe. What is come to you, Wife, that, quite deserting the seashore, you go so often to the city, celebrating with those extravagant Athenian women the riotous and bacchanalian festivals! This is no mark of prudence or integrity! Not to this end did your father in Ægina, where

where you were brought up and educated, give you to be initiated by me in the mysteries of wedlock. If you are attached to the city, fare you well, go about your business; if, choosing with more judgement, you can find pleasure in what the sea affords, return to your husband; but let there be a long forgetfulness of all those seducing sights which the city exhibited."

PANOPE to her HUSBAND EUTHUBULUS.

"You married me, oh Euthubulus, not a low woman, nor without rank, but sprung from honourable parentage. Sophanes was my father, and Damophyle my mother, who, making me their heir, united me in marriage for the produce of lawful children; but you, with your eye easily caught by this object and by that, are given up to every illicit amour, neglecting your wife and your children. You are the follower of Galene, the daughter of Thestalon, whom, to the mischief of her lovers, the Pyraeus has admitted as an inhabitant."

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habitant. There the youth from the sea come to sup with her, this bringing one present, and that another, all of which she receives, and consumes like Charibdis. But you, outbidding these vulgar sea-presents, scorn to bring and present to her your vile fish; but, like a more experienced suitor, one who has been sometime married, and the father of children not very young, ambitious to clear the way of all rivals, send her the works of the Milesian loom, Sicilian gowns, and moreover money. Desist however from these mad pursuits, or know that I will return to my father: he will not treat me thus negligently; but punish your baseness by the intercession of the law."

The elegance which characterizes the epistle of the Courtezan Lamia forms a pretty strong contrast to the homespun bluntness, and Billingsgate reproaches, with which Cymothus attacks his wife, and Panope her husband. But to a cultivated mind the ladies of that profession, as I before observed, trusted in no small degree for their success. How extraordinary
then

then does it appear, that they, who found irresistible charms in the accomplishments of their mistresses, should carefully exclude those accomplishments from their wives and daughters.

The Athenian wives, however, with all their coldness and reserve, had a taste for dissipation, which they gratified whenever they could escape the vigilance of their husbands: they put on their masks, and went to the public shews; they spent their money freely; they painted their faces; and never suffered one opportunity, among the few which came in their way, to pass by, without availing themselves of it, to the indulgence of their inclinations. Theocritus, among others, has given us an instance of a wife stealing from the observation of her husband to a public exhibition; and, from a letter preserved by Alciphron of a jealous and imperious husband to his wife, we may guess at their other accomplishments: "Woman," says he, "you are not in your sound mind; you vie in luxury with the extravagant

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Athenian wives, with their artificial faces and dissolute morals ; they who smear their cheeks with fucus and ceruse, and pæderote beyond the daubings of the common painters. You, if you are wise, will be satisfied with the purity of complexion which can be procured from soap and water."

N U M B E R XXI.

AMONG the Greeks, how pleasant must those matrimonial connections have proved, in which the husband depended only upon his own vigilance, to secure the fidelity of his wife; and she, in her turn, trusted only to her superior cunning to obtain a little enjoyment, by lulling asleep his suspicions, and outwitting his watchfulness. Let us suppose for a moment this systematical absurdity transferred from Athens to Britain. A young man has no sooner led home his bride, than he informs her that Phidias's emblem of female excellence is the object she is always to bear in mind; that he married her in order to provide himself with a superintendant of his domestic concerns; and that
he

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he expects she will confine herself to her own house, neither idling away her time in gadding about the streets, nor dissipating his fortune in continual attendance at places of public resort. As there may be some women who at the time of their marriage are possessed by one inclination only, which is to please their husbands; so there may be some to whom these injunctions may not appear altogether insupportable. The new-made wife is perhaps led by her fondness to imagine, that the warmth of her husband's affection makes him insist upon her staying always at home, being always present with him; or that in approbation of her prudence he commits to her the management of his domestic concerns; while she readily sacrifices her fondness for public admiration to his plans of œconomy. A short time however gives a new turn to her sentiments. By other parts of her husband's conduct she has discovered that he confined her at home, not because he was so particularly attached to her company, but lest by visiting she should form attachments of her own; that he engaged her

attention in household affairs, not because he thought her the most prudent of women, but because he dreaded the wanderings of a mind unemployed on some particular object; that he prohibited her appearance at public assemblies, not because his fortune made such a prohibition necessary, but because he was afraid to entrust her with the management of her own person. The indignation which such a discovery naturally must excite may be easily conceived. A wife in this predicament is overwhelmed with distress; complaint brings her but small relief, reproaches are equally vain, and sufferance is somewhat irksome. Tired of bearing evils, to which patience brings neither alleviation nor remedy; thinking it an hardship to be loaded with the suspicion of crimes, without partaking of their enjoyment, she is now criminal where she was only before suspected, and, having married with the hopes of rendering herself agreeable to the man she loved, is now totally occupied in machinations to deceive him. How far she is likely to effect her purposes, I leave those to determine who
are

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are more able than myself to estimate the balance of power between the contending parties, between the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband and the contrivances of female wit.

Such inconvenience and distress as is here complained of must naturally spring from that erroneous policy which distinguished the Athenian matrimonial laws; where an undivided power was lodged in the hands of the husband, and the wife was frequently degraded to the rank of a menial servant. The Romans, with the highest respect for the honourable state of matrimony, and a veneration for the other sex, which peculiarly marked that gallant people, encouraged their men to take wives, by imposing a fine upon bachelorhood, and protected their women from the despotism of an husband by express laws which exempted a wife from performing any servile office except such as related to spinning. This law took place at a period as early as the days of Romulus, who ratified it immediately after that irregular proceeding which united the Sabines with

the Romans. The same lawgiver likewise made it necessary for any one who put away his wife, though for her misconduct, to give up for her support half his estate; so attentive were they to allow them ample privileges, even where their conduct seemed rather to provoke severity! Such however was the efficacy of their regulations, that no instance occurs wherein a separation took place between man and wife till near six hundred years from the building of the city. The Romans carried their regard for matrimony to such a pitch, that a law once passed by which all persons of full age were compelled to marry; by the Popæan institutes the magistrates * took precedence according to the number of their children; a married man before a bachelor; in elections those candidates were preferred who had the most numerous offspring; and any person might become a candidate even before he was of age, if he had as many children as he wanted years to be capable of bearing such a dignity. Unmarried persons, in the mean time, were

* Kennet.

incapable

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incapable of receiving any legacy or inheritance by will. This indeed gave rise to some abuses, tempting men to marry for the sake of being entitled to hold an estate, instead of from purer principles. Though amongst the Roman women a Clodia, a Messalina, or a Julia, now and then appeared, yet such examples are not often to be met with in their history; while it would be an easy task to furnish a volume with instances of their virtues from the magnanimity of Clælia, who swam across the Tyber, amidst the darts of her enemies, to that of Arria, who shew'd her lingering husband the way to death. In the article of female education the Romans appear to have been rather formal as to outward accomplishments, though in the cultivation of the mind every requisite attention was paid to them. Just before the second Punic war, when the virtue of Rome was supposed to be refined to its highest state of purity, we are told by their historians that it was customary for their women to dance and to sing; that the sons of the nobility attended the dancing-school; that even

married women thought it no impeachment of their characters to exercise themselves in the practice of this science, provided they did not attain to any high degree of perfection in it; nay, it is even added (shocking to relate, says Macrobius,) that unmarried girls were taught to dance. Scipio Africanus having heard that dancing was considered as a part of the Roman education, unable to credit such a report, resolved to be convinced of its truth or falshood, and for that purpose went himself to a dancing-school, where, to his great surprize and indignation, he caught the son of a nobleman in the fact of dancing a hornpipe. Scipio by his influence, and by his attention to the good morals of his countrymen, put a stop to this practice, and the occupation of a dancing-master became as unnecessary at Rome as that of an hangman would be at Pelew. The formality of Roman discipline in this particular will be excused, when it is remembered that the Roman dance by no means partook of that elegance or modesty by which most of the present European dances are characterized,

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characterized. If the Roman women were thus denied the attractive powers derived from the sciences of dancing and singing, yet some compensation was made them in the general information imparted to them by their instructors, and the general tendency of their education, which enabled them to preserve their influence by preserving their virtues. "When I hear Lælia speaking (says Cicero), I fancy I hear Plautus or Nævius." From many other parts of Cicero's works, from Pliny, and a great variety of their authors, we may collect, that literary acquisitions and an improved understanding were considered among the Romans as female ornaments, second only to virtue and good sense.

NUMBER XXII.

Κερδίζον-εὖ φρονήσεις μὴ δοκῆν φρονεῖν·

ÆSCHYL. PROM. VINCT. 385.

It is of the greatest advantage to the wise man to lay aside the pomp of wisdom.

ONE of the first lessons which human wisdom teaches her disciples, is to bear the advantages of knowledge with moderation : nor does any thing in a much greater degree enhance our esteem for an art or a science, than a modest deportment, and simple carriage, in its skilful professors. To this position our passions are perhaps more active in subscribing than our understanding ; but, however successfully

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fully it may be combated by the judgement, it cannot be overcome but by the sacrifice of such sentiments as it would be hazardous to part with. Truth indeed loses none of its importance, though I believe it does some of its followers, from the imperious air and dictatorial tone of its teachers; for the ardour of pursuit is frequently damped among its disciples, who are willing to forego the advantages of the lesson rather than encounter the pride of the preceptor. If it be allowed without contradiction, that virtue is assisted by appearances, and enjoys more influence as it is more highly ornamented, it may, I think, be said, without derogating from the dignity of wisdom, that she derives additional charms from the ornaments of humility and condescension. To be always invested with the formalities of wisdom, it is natural to suppose, must be tedious to the wearer, and is certainly disgusting to the spectator; and we are inclined to conclude, that he who never lays aside such incumbrances has little else to depend upon for the maintenance of his reputation, and the support of his rank.

There

There is an air of dignity highly becoming the philosopher, when he is delivering the precepts of instruction; but let it be observed that this dignity consists not in the nauseous egotisms of the orator, but in the importance of his information, not in a contempt for the opinion of others, but a simplicity of manner, which is unassuming though decided, and firm though attended with modesty. Who can listen with any common degree of patience to the harangues of any one who accompanies his information with a panegyric upon his own capacity, who celebrates his own knowledge by descanting on the ignorance of others, and uses the meanest artifices to draw that attention upon himself which is perhaps due to the subject of his researches? Some people will indeed accept of the information which is offered to them, while they are disgusted with the vehicle which conveys it; but many others, whose prejudices are not quite so submissive to their reason, will disdainfully turn from what is so ungraciously placed before them, and in one hasty sentence of condemnation involve

involve at once the teacher and his doctrine. Another argument, the consideration of which might reasonably be expected to deter the man of learning from the indulgence of pride, is, that it divests his science of all its ornaments, and strips from it most of its advantages. Ignorant people become reconciled to their deficiencies, upon contemplating the absurdities into which the professors of knowledge are betrayed; and are deterred from the pursuit of an object, whose attainment brings with it inconveniences from which they are exempt. It may be objected, that the opinions of ignorance upon such a subject demand but little of our attention; yet let him who so objects remember, that to check in ignorance the desire of knowledge, is to rob wisdom of the best privilege it enjoys, that of being communicated to those who want its assistance. The ignorance of people in general is frequently the topick upon which men, distinguished by their talents or their acquisitions, think proper to exhaust the shafts of ridicule, or disgorge the overflowings of spleen. They
profess

profess to deride the criticisms of the many, to receive their censures and their commendations with equal complacency, neither excited to resentment by the former, nor soothed to pleasure by the latter. Very inconsistent, however, is the conduct of the same persons where they become the avowed candidates for literary reputation; they can then discover that to the multitude they are to look as the source of honour, that however flattering may be the testimonies of the select few, yet, as the dominion of ignorance is pretty extensive, the pittance of approbation, collected only from the tribute of the learned, is much too scanty to gratify the voracious appetite of the author. The opinions of the few may confer a title to reputation; but it must be the consent of the multitude which substantiates the claim, and places the claimant in the enjoyment of his advantages. In a pack of hounds the confidence of the huntsman may be reposed in a few of his favourite dogs; when they open on the scent, he knows the chace is properly pursued; but his satisfaction is not complete till the whole

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pack is united in the cry, and the good and bad run together, contending which shall most strongly testify their approbation, and increase the harmony.

Thus it is too with the author, however convinced he may be of the excellence of his work from the sentiments of a few, upon whose judgement and sincerity he can rely: he is by no means satisfied, unless the applauses of his friends are seconded by the voices of the public; and it might be invidious to examine, whether he is more gratified by the noisy and frequent acclamations of a multitude governed by prejudices, or the sober praises of the discerning, who imbibe opinions from the dictates of judgement, and propagate them without the aid of clamour.

The talents of Sophron are equal to those of Modestus, and their attainments alike respectable; yet the different use which is made of their accomplishments makes this difference in their characters; the one is the object of universal dislike, while the other is as universally esteemed and caressed. "With some men," says Shakespeare,
"their

“their graces serve them but as enemies:” thus it is with Sophron; had he less capacity, he might have more modesty, and with fewer acquisitions he would have less means to excite disgust. Amongst the sons of literature Sophron ranks with the first; yet his arrogance prevents that respect being paid to him, which his learning might justly claim. He insults the man whom he purposes to inform, and sends him away disgusted who came to him for instruction. The consequence of this is, that with eloquence, which properly directed might command attention, his conversation is avoided as the roarings of a mad bull; and many a hearer, who might benefit from his precepts, is disposed to turn upon his heel, and denounce a comprehensive anathema against Sophron and his learning.

The conduct of Modestus is calculated to excite very different sentiments. He provokes no jealousies by the petulant exercise of his authority, and is content to instruct his hearers without reminding them of the obligations they are under to their instructor

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tor. Every man listens with attention to the conversation of Modestus, and readily submits to be taught, while he is not galled by the tyranny of an imperious Dictator: and all men unite, without grudging, in commendation of those abilities from whose operations they are alternately gratified with pleasure and improvement.

Pride and learning are never united without mutually contending to the disadvantage of their possessor. Learning enlarges those powers which gratify pride; and pride is perpetually applying them to purposes which disgust common sense.

N U M B E R XXIII.

IN the year 1785 a book was published, entituled, "Letters on Literature, by Robert Heron, Esq." Under this signature the ingenious author has thought proper to condemn, with exemplary severity, a number of those authors to whom deluded mortals have uniformly, through many ages, looked up as the fountains of literary information, or the models of literary elegance. Nor, indeed, are his strictures confined to those who for many centuries have possessed the good opinion of the world; but are directed with singular attention to the welfare of modern literature against authors, some of whom have been
more

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more recently complimented with their merited share of celebrity, and some who have been long enough in possession of it to prove their just title to it. This task, it must be confessed, has been effected without much assistance from candour, judgement, or common sense.

Without troubling my reader with a great variety of extracts from this work, which might give him a just idea of Mr. Robert Heron's sagacity as a critick, and his modesty and diffidence as the founder of new opinions; without noticing with what Aristarchian severity he lashes those Greek writers who have been cunning enough to cajole us into the highest opinion of their merits, and to maintain their posts in the rank of literary precedency nearly from the days of Homer to the year 1785: I shall proceed to an examination of those criticisms which he has passed upon the father of Latin Poetry, Virgil.

To the cavils of an ill-natured and an ignorant critick, a Greek writer upon a similar occasion replied with this epigram,

Τοῦν σοι δοῦμαι γράτ' ἐπὶ τὰ λείονα μέζονα γὰρ σοι
Εὐξέσθαι ταύτης ἢ δοῦμαι μαινῆν.

As a preface to what I am about to urge in behalf of Virgil, I with more pleasure adopt the following words from Pliny than apply the foregoing of the Grecian. “*Miratus sum quem tu reprehendis, adeoque miratus, ut non putarem satis unquam laudari posse, cujus nunc mihi subeunda defensio est.*”

His objections to Virgil are contained in letters 16 and 23, almost all of which I find copied from Macrobius, and may be satisfactorily answered from the same author; Mr. Heron having carefully translated, from a dialogue contained in his works, those arguments which suited the cause of Virgil's calumniators, and suppressed all mention of those on the other side of the question. Why would not Mr. Heron prevent the accusation of such a plagiarism, by declaring that he had presented us with a catalogue of second-hand censures, and omitted those commendations which so justly accompany them in his original. In his list of objections, however, there are a few which I cannot accuse him of having taken from any author, as they bear every mark of being the offspring of Mr. Heron's own brain,

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brain, or rather his pen: "The subject of the Georgicks," says he, "is confessedly unhappy." Mark the reason; "for Virgil in this was the imitator of Hesiod, as in his pastorals of Theocritus." So says the objector in Macrobius's Dialogue: "Dic-turum ne me putatis ea quæ vulgo nota sunt? Quod Theocritum sibi fecerit pastoralis operis auctorem, ruralis Hesiodum." "A didactic poem," adds our critick, in objection to the Georgicks, "must be written in such a style, as to be understood by those to whom it is addressed." So it will be; a poem is addressed to poetical readers; and he who is ignorant of poetical language cannot be properly styled a reader of poetry. A didactic poem, therefore, if written in the language of the science or art concerning which it treats, is no longer a poem, but a treatise; therefore the ridicule with which he pursues Virgil, for his supposed deficiency of judgement in this particular, is just as applicable to Sir Christopher Wren, or Wat Tyler, or any other person not at all concerned in the present question. "Why should I be condemned," says Mr.

Heron, "to follow Virgil through all his feeble imitations of Homer in the plan and conduct of the *Æneid*? Virgil's storm is Homer's, though Homer would not begin with it. The conversations of the Gods are all Homer's. *Virgil meets Venus; Ulysses, Nausicaa.*" By Virgil I suppose he means *Æneas*. Hear now Macrobius; "Quid quod et omne opus Virgilianum velut de quodam Homerici operis speculo formatum est? Nam et tempestas mira imitatione descripta est. Versus utriusque qui volet conferat. Ut Venus in Nausicaæ locum Alcinoi filia succedit." "Homer hath games, Virgil hath games." To their similarity we are likewise referred by Macrobius, cap. VII. lib. V. The death of *Pallas* is that of *Patroclus*; the funeral of *Pallas* is also that of *Patroclus*. So Macrobius; "Sepultura *Palinuri* formata est de *Patrocli*, sepultura. Ipsa vero utriusque tumuli insignia quam paria?" Mr. Heron objects to the confessed anachronism of making Dido a partner in the same scene with *Æneas*. This has been often urged, but always, I think, without justice. The
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Epic poet has a right to unite fiction and truth in any manner he pleases, provided he does not shock our feelings by departing from the truth of character; for the truth of character is the only truth he is answerable for. May we not suppose Virgil forming a character to which he chooses to give the appellation of Dido, without necessarily intending to represent the Dido of another period? But the similarity of their circumstances, it may be said, instantly brings both of them present before us, and compels us to acknowledge that the Dido of Virgil can be no other than the Dido who lived at the distance of 410 years from the days of Æneas. To all this it may be answered, that every seeming inconsistency of that sort is easily reconciled, by considering Dido as a fictitious character, the offspring of the poet, and to be by him conducted through such a series of events as may suit the texture of his fable; nor is his representation of her to be censured till she departs from the consistency of her character. This, however, Mr. Heron affirms to be the case: "Dido," says he, "from her cou-

rage and manly spirit, shewn in leading a colony from her native realm to a remote and barbarous land, and settling and ruling that colony there, must in the book of human nature, page first, have been read to have been a character very little susceptible of tender passions, far less of carrying them to such an excess as Virgil represents." If Mr. Heron does not know from observation, that the most heroic spirit, and the most violent passions, are most likely to give way to the tenderest emotions; let him examine the character of Medea as described by Euripides; or that of Lady Macbeth, by our own Shakespeare. "This is an injudicious character," adds the critick, "because Dido had formerly borne the loss of an husband without desperation, &c." To obviate this, let him compare Sichæus with the general description given of Æneas. It is injudicious too, "because there is likewise in this love-story an inconsistency in the character of Æneas which any schoolboy would be ashamed of: the character of Æneas is that of perfect piety; the *pious* Æneas gratifies the irregular passions

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sions of a fond woman; and then, in return for the kindness she hath shewn to him and his followers, he forsakes her without remorse, because the Gods command him so to do."

Here poor Æneas is in a dilemma, blamed for entering into an improper connection, and blamed for dissolving it, when the interference of Heaven had shewn him the necessity of such a dissolution. As for the epithet *pious*, to which such objection is made, Mr. Heron must be informed that it is justly conferred, and particularly upon Æneas, on account of the filial affection which so eminently distinguishes the character. Nor indeed does this deviation from propriety at all impeach that consistency with which it is the duty of the poet to conduct his hero. Without some such alloy in the character of Æneas, the critick might have caviled at the uniform excellence which would have rendered it insipid and improbable. Of such a nature are the censures of our critick, to many of which answers may be found even in his own book. He first consigns Virgil to his
merited

merited contempt, because his contemporaries have not favoured him with a string of commendatory testimonies; and then informs us, that a period of 100 years must pass over before lasting worth can be stamped upon Epick poetry. But, as I have* dwelt longer upon this subject than can be pleasant to any reader, let us now go to the more agreeable office of noticing some of those justly earned commendations which are poured without measure upon the exquisite Poet Virgil.

Macrobius has, with great art, discussed the merits of Virgil, by introducing a dialogue, in which he is attacked and defended with equal warmth. Numerous, indeed, and accurate, are the instances given of his imitations of Homer; and of those imitations he has taken care to give us his opinion in another place. In the *Somnium Scipionis* we find Virgil called, "*Homericæ per omnia perfectionis imitator*:" "through all his works the imitator of

* If the reader wishes to see what more is said in the same strain [by Mr. Heron, he will find it in Macrobius, Lib. V.

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Homeric perfection." Evangelus is brought forward in lib. I. cap. XXIV. stating his objections much in that manner which is adopted by Mr. Heron: "*Qui enim moriens poema suum legavit igni, quid nisi famæ suæ vulnera posteritati subtrahenda curavit? nec immerito erubuit, quippe de se futura judicia,*" &c. But this insolent style is sufficiently reprobated by the hearers, nor is, I believe, repeated by any one except Robert Heron, Esq. "*Cumque adhuc dicentem omnes exhorraissent,*" "and when they all shuddered at hearing him proceed in this manner; Oh Evangelus, said Symmachus, the praise of Virgil is of such a nature, that it is increased by no man's commendations, and diminished by no man's calumny; but, in the particular objects of your attack, any grammarian of the lowest order may defend him." In another dialogue on the subject, lib. V. cap. III. "Go on," says Avienus to Eustathius, "to investigate all those passages which he has transferred from Homer; for what can be pleasanter than to hear these two first of poets speaking the same thing? Because,

Because, as there are three things equally esteemed impossible, viz. to steal from Jupiter his thunder, from Hercules his club, and from Homer a line; this bard has yet so well applied to his own purpose what was said by Homer, as to give what is transferred the appearance of being original." We then find in Macrobius an arrangement of passages, where these kindred geniuses have employed their strength in adorning the same subjects; in which, sometimes the splendor of them is confessedly equal, sometimes it preponderates on this side, and sometimes on that: nor must it be omitted, that Macrobius has devoted one whole book* to the furnishing examples of the different powers which can be employed by poetry in moving the passions, and each example is extracted from Virgil. In lib. VI. Macrobius, cap. I. Furius Albinus undertakes to demonstrate that Virgil was under many obligations to the older poets of his own country; which undertaking however he

* Lib. IV.

enters upon with these remarkable words;
 “Etsi vereor me, dum ostendere cupio
 quantum Virgilius noster ex antiquiorum
 lectione profecerit, et quos ex omnibus
 flores, vel quæ in carminis sui decorem, ex
 diversis ornamenta libaverit, occasionem re-
 prehendendi *vel imperitis vel malignis* minif-
 trem exprobrantibus, tanto viro alieni usur-
 pationem, *nec considerantibus hunc esse fruc-
 tum legendi, æmulari ea quæ in aliis probes, et
 quæ maximè inter aliorum dicta mireris in
 aliquem usum tum opportuna derivatione con-
 vertere,”* &c.

NUMBER XXIV.

IN the sixth letter of that writer who was the subject of some observations in my last paper, I find the names of Cato, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Lucan; of which number the first and last only meet with any share of that commendation which the world has usually given with more readiness to the other three. "How little, how mean, how trifling," says Mr. Heron, "the character of Cicero, when opposed to such a model as Cato!" A short comparison of the two characters may perhaps set the matter in a different light. It is a generally received opinion, that, to complete any great and illustrious character,

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character, a certain degree of good fortune is necessary; but Cato, as he was injudicious in his political attachments, was also unfortunate in his career; after joining himself to the party which proved the weaker one, he sought a shelter in suicide from the vengeance of his enemies. The character of Cicero, as compared with that of Cato, is as a public to a private one: the morality of Cato was exemplary, and that of Cicero unimpeached. Cato was employed in rectifying abuses which had crept into the offices of the commonwealth, and purging the senate from corruption; but it must be remembered, likewise, that this orator (malapert and various as Mr. Heron calls Cicero) preserved the existence of that commonwealth, and defended, at the hazard of his own life, the lives of that senate. It was this orator, malapert and various, who successfully opposed the Agrarian law, and the seditious designs of Rullus, who fell a victim to the odious, but powerful, machinations of the profligate Clodius, and was banished; who was recalled with honour, as soon as honest men were trusted in the state.

state ; who was not the principal, but the only instrument of preserving his country from that annihilation which threatened it in the attempts of Catiline ; who was complimented with that highest title which his grateful country could bestow, of “ Pater Patriæ,” which he first of all Romans received after their government became republican, and by which the dignified, and consistent, and godlike Cato first hailed him. Nor was this all that marked the illustrious character of Cicero : he was ever ready to undertake, in person, the defence of the innocent, the injured, or the weak, always with ardour, and almost always with success. What oration of his defends any criminal, which his reader does not wish acquitted ? Is it Archias ? or Cælius ? or Ligarius ? Or what character has he attacked, in abhorrence of which we do not readily unite with him ? Do we not heartily concur in heaping every epithet of reproach upon Catiline, and his abandoned crew ? upon the corrupt Verres ? and upon the rascally and Scottish debauchee, Mark Anthony ? This orator, *malapert and various,*

was

was as uniform in his opposition to Anthony, as in his veneration for Cato. His eloquence was ever ready when innocence wanted protection, when private friendship had any claim to it, or public safety demanded it. And at length, that life which had been invariably devoted to the interests of his country, and engaged in all the struggles of contending parties, was taken away by the meanest Roman that ever disgraced the page of history, Mark Anthony.

"It is remarkable," says the Critic, "that three of the best Roman Poets, have, as it were, vied with each other, who should most elevate the character of Cato. The first in the *Æneid*, where his hero finds Cato in Elysium, giving laws to the good;

"His dantem jura Catonem."

The second, Horace, in his odes :

"Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis."

But Lucan (the third) above all, has risen to the actual sublime, fired by the contemplation of that sublime character :

"Vixit causa Deis placuit, sed vixit Catoni."

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Mr. Heron's remarks upon these three passages I shall subjoin, because they are eminently worthy of attention: "To which of the poets," says he, "is the pre-eminence due? Virgil's praise is wonderfully fine at first sight; for how good, how just, how virtuous must he be, who is qualified to give laws to the good, to the just, to the virtuous, in Elysium; but, like the other beauties of this writer, it will not bear a close examination; for what laws are to operate among the blessed, where there can be no punishment nor reward? How can they receive laws who are emancipated from all possibility of crime? The praise is therefore futile and ridiculous; nothing being more absurd than to erect a column of apparent sublimity upon the morass of falshood."

There is, I think, no violent absurdity in the poets supposing regulations to take place in Elysium, when Heathen mythology has fixed a ruler among the gods themselves. Nor could any more properly be placed as the superintendant of such regulations, whatever they were, than Cato, to whom this was peculiarly applicable; because

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because, according to their notions of Elysium, it was supposed that whatever was the favourite employment of the blessed in this world, "*eadem sequitur tellure repositos.*"

"The praise of Horace," proceeds our author, "has great truth and dignity—Every thing on earth in subjection to Cæsar save the mind of Cato, is a great, a vast thought, and would even rise to the sublime, were it not for that of Lucan, which exceeds it; and nothing can be sublime to which a superior conception may be found. The praise of Lucan is sublimity itself, for no human idea can go beyond it; Cato is set in opposition to the gods themselves, nay, is made superior in justice though not in power. Now the power of the Pagan deities may be called their extrinsic justice, their intrinsic virtue. Cato excelled them, says Lucan in real virtue, though their adventitious attribute of power admitted no rival." Mr. Heron has here mistaken the meaning of the passage on which he comments; and as false conclusions follow false premises, on this mistake he has built, as he naturally must, erroneous criticisms. Lucan, in whom may

be found some instances of that sublime, for which Mr. Grey is so admired by a certain class of readers, is not, however, so absurd as his Commentator would represent him. It would be surely better suited to the characters of Mezentius, Salmo-
neus, Briareus, or Capaneus, than that of Cato to be set in opposition to the gods themselves. To speak like a reasonable Heathen, that poet, who should set his hero in opposition to the gods, must make the character impious; and he who should represent it as superior to the gods, must make it absurd and ridiculous. Lu-
can does neither of these things, and the plain meaning of the line "*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni,*" is, that Cato attached himself to that cause, which, however, the fates did not favour. He includes in these words precisely the same kind of compliment as Virgil pays to Ripheus, *Æn.* II. v. 426.

*Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui
Diis aliter visum est.*

F I N I S.



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